

J. C. 133
THE
PLEASANT

HISTORIE OF JOHN

VVINCHCOMB, in his younger

yeeres called *Jacke of Newberie*, the

famous and worthy Clothier of England:

declaring his life and love, together

with his charitable deeds and

great hospitality;

And how hee set conti-
nually five hundred poore people

at worke, to the great benefit

of the COMMON-WEALTH:

worthy to bee read and

regarded.

Now the tenth time imprinted, corrected, and
enlarged, by T. D.

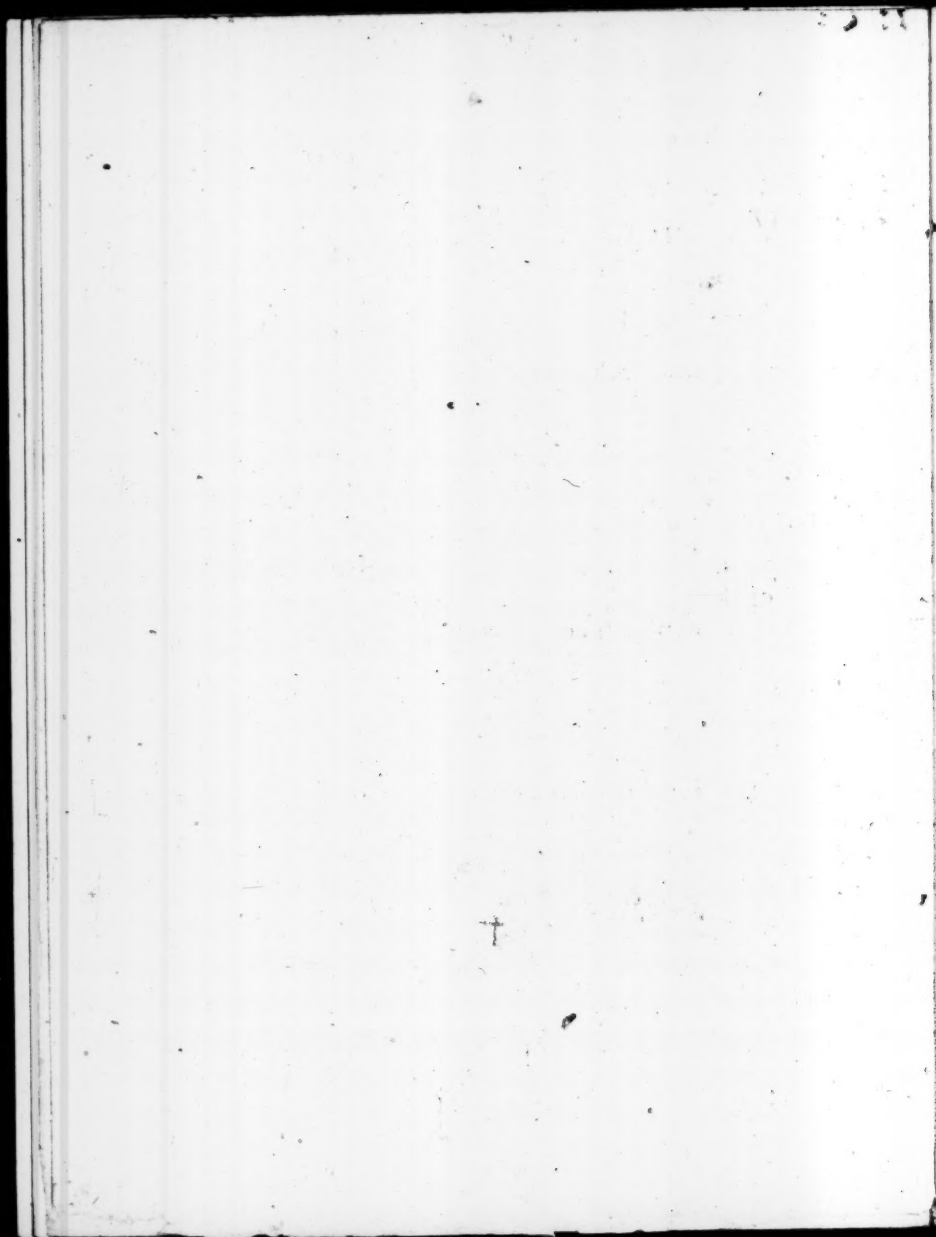
Hand cura invidiam.



LONDON,

Printed by *Robert Young*, and are to be sold
by *Cuthbert Wright*, 1637.

1010





TO ALL FAMOUS
Cloath-workers in England, I wish
all happineffe of life, prosperitie and
brotherly affection.



Mong all manuell Arts used
in this Land, none is more
famous for desert, or more
beneficiall to the Common-
wealth than is the most ne-
cessarie Art of Cloathing.

And therefore as the benefit thereof is great,
so are the professours of the same to be both
loved and maintained. Many wise men
therefore, having deeply considered the
same, most bountifully have bestowed their
gifts for upholding of so excellent a commo-
dity, which hath beene, and yet is the nou-
rishing of many thousands of poore people.
Wherefore to you most worthy Clothiers
doe I dedicate this my rude worke, which
hath raised out of the dust of forgetfulnesse,
a most famous and worthy man, whose
name was *John Winchcombe*, alias *Jacke* of

A 2

Newberie;

The Epistle to the Clothiers.

Newberie ; of whose life and love I have briefly written, and in a plaine and humble maner, that it may be the better understood of those for whose sakes I take paines to compile it, that is, for the well-minded Clothiers, that herein they may behold the great worship and credit which men of this trade have in former time come unto. If therefore it be of you kindly accepted, I have the end of my desire, and thinke my paines well recompenced : & finding your gentlenesse answering my hope, it shall move me shortly to set to your sight the long hidden History of *Thomas of Redding*, *George of Glocester*, *Richard of Worcester*, and *William of Salisbury*, with divers others, who were all most notable members in the Common-wealth of this Land, and men of great fame and dignity. In the meane space I commend you all to the most high God, who ever increase, in all perfection and prosperous estate, the long honoured trade of English Clothiers.

Yours in all humble service,

T. D.

THE
MOST PLEASANT
and delectable Historie of JOHN
VVINCHCOMB, otherwise called
Jacke of Newberie: and first of
his love and pleasant life.

CHAP. I.

In the daies of King Henry the eight,
that most noble & victorious Prince,
in the beginning of his reign, John
Winchcomb, a broad cloth Weaver,
dwelt in Newbery, a towne in Bark-
shire: who, so that he was a man of a
merry disposition, & honest conversa-
tion, was wondrous well beloved of
Rich and Poore, especially because in every place where he
came he would spend his money with the best, and was
not any time found a churle of his purse. Wherefore
being so good a companion, he was called of old and young
Jacke of Newberie: a man so generally well knowne in
all his Countrey for his good fellowship, that hee could
goe in no place but hee found acquaintance; by meanes
whereof Jacke could no sooner get a Crowne, but straight
he found meanes to spend it: yet had he ever this care, that
he would alwayes keepe himselfe in comely and decent ap-
parell, neither at any time would hee be overcome in
drinke, but so discreetly behaue himselfe with honest mirth,
and pleasant conceits, that he was every Gentlemans
companion.

The pleasant Historie

After that Jacke had long led this pleasant life, being (though he were but poore) in good estimation; it was his Masters chance to die, and his Dame to be a Widow, who was a very comely ancient Woman, and of reasonable Wealth. Wherefore she having a good opinion of her man John, committed unto his government the guiding of all her Worke-folkes for the space of three yeeres together: In which time she found him so carefull and diligent, that all things came forward and prospered wondrous well. No man could intice him from his businesse all the weeke by all the intreaty they could use: insomuch that in the end some of the wild youths of the Towne began to deride and scoffe at him.

Doubtlesse, quoth one, I doubt some female spirit hath enchanted Jacke to his treadles, and conjured him within the compasse of his Looome, that he can stir no further. You say truth, quoth Jacke, and if you have the leisure to stay till the Charme be done, the space of six dayes and five nights, you shall find me ready to put on my holy day apparell, and on Sunday mourning for your paines, I will give you a pot of Ale over against the Maypole. Nay quoth another, He lay my life, that as the Salamander cannot live without the fire, so Jack cannot live without the smell of his Dames smock. And I marvell, quoth Jacke, that you being of the nature of the Herring (which so soone as he is taken out of the Sea, straight dies) can live so long with your nose out of the pot. Nay Jacke leave thy jesting, quoth another, and goe along with us, thou shalt not stay a jot. And because I will not stay nor make you a lyar (quoth Jacke) He keepe me here still: and so farewell.

Thus then they departed, and after they had for halfe a score times tried him to this intent, and saw he would not be led by their lure, they left him to his owne will. Nevertheless, every Sunday in the afternoone, and every Holy-day, Jacke would keepe them companie, and bee as merrie as a hole, and having still good store of money in his purse, one or other would ever be borrowing of him, but never could he get

of Jacke of Newberie.

get pennie of it againe : which when Jacke perceibed, hee would neber after carry aboue twelue pence at once in his purse, and that being spent, he would streight returne home merily, taking his leabe of the companie in this sort.

My Masters I thank you, 'tis time to pack home,
For he that wants money is counted a Mome :
And twelue pence a Sunday being spent in good cheere,
To fifty two shillings amounts in the yeere.
Enough for a crafts man that lives by his hands,
And he that exceeds it shall purchase no lands.
For that I spend this day, Ile worke hard to morrow,
For woe is that party that seeketh to borrow.
My money doth make me full merry to be,
And without my money none careth for me :
Therefore wanting money, what should I doe heere,
But haste home, and thanke you for all my good cheere?

Thus was Jacks good government and discretion noted of the best and substantialest men of the Towne, so that it wrought his great commendation, and his Dame thought her selfe not a little blest to have such a servant, that was so obedient unto her, and so carefull for her profit; for she had neber a Rentise that yelded her more obedience than hee did, or was more dutifull: so that by his good example he did as much good as by his diligent labour and travell: which his singular vertue being noted by the Widow, she began to cast very good countenance to her man John, and to use very much talke with him in private: and first by way of communication, she would tell unto him what suiters she had, and the great offers they made her, what gifts they sent her, and the great affection they bare her, craving his opinion in the matter.

When Jacke found the labour to be his Dames Secretarie, he thought it an extraordinary kindnesse: and guessing by the parne it would prove a good Web, began to question with his Dame in this sort: Although it becommeth not me your servant to pry into your secrets, no; to be busie about matters of your love; yet for so much as it hath pleased you
to

The pleasant Historie

to use conference with me in those causes, I pray you let me intreat you to know their names that be your sutors, and of what profession they be.

Harry John (saith she) that you shall, and I pray the take a cushion & sit downe by me. Dame (quoth he) I thanke you, but there is no reason I should sit on a cushion till I have deserved it. If thou hast not, thou mightest have done, said she: but faint souldiers never find labour. John replied, that makes mee indeed want labour: for I durst not trie Maydens, because they seeme coy, no; Wides, for feare of their Husbands, no; widows, doubting their dishainfulness. Thus John (quoth she) he that feares and doubts Woman-kind, cannot be counted Man-kind: and take this for a principle, All things are not as they seeme: but let us leaue this, and proceed to our former matter. My first sutor dwels at Wallingford, by Trade a Tanner, a man of good wealth, and his name is Craftes, of comely personage, and very good behabour, a Widower, well thought of amongst his neighbours: he hath proper land, a faire house and well furnished, and never a childe in the world, and he looes mee passing well. Why then Dame, quoth John, you were best to haue him. Is that your opinion, quoth she: no, trust me so it is not mine. For I finde two speciall reasons to the contrary: the one is, that hee being overwoyne in yeeres makes mee overloth to lobe him: and the other, that I know one nêrer hand.

Belêbe me dame (quoth Jack) I perceiue soze is no soze, & profered ware is worse by ten in the hundred than that which is sought: but I pray ye who is your second sutor? John, quoth she, it may seeme immodesty in me to betwray my love secrets: yet seeing thy discretion, & being perswaded of thy secrecy, I will shew thee: The other is a man of middle yeeres, but yet a Batcheler, by occupation a Taylor, dwelling at Hungerford; by report a very good husband, such a one as hath crownes good soze, and to me he professes much good will: for his person he may please any woman. I dame, quoth John, because he pleaseth you. Not so, said she, for my eyes are impartiall

of Jacke of Newberie.

unpartiall Judges in that case: and albeit my opinion may be contrary to others, if his Art deceibe not my eye-sight, he is worthy of a good wife, both for his person and conditions: When trust mee Dame (quoth John) forasmuch as you are without doubt of your selfe that you will prove a good wife, and so well perswaded of him, I should thinke you could make no better choice. Truly John (quoth she) there is also two reasons that move mee not to like him: the one, that being so long a ranger, he would at home be a stranger: and the other, that I like better of one nearer hand. Who is that, quoth Jack? Saith she, the third Suter is the Parson of Spinhomeland, who hath a proper living, he is of holy conversation and good estimation, whose affection to me is great. No doubt Dame (quoth John) you may doe wondrous well with him; where you shall have no care but to serve God, and to make ready his meate. O John (quoth she) the flesh and the spirit agree not, for he will be so bent to his booke, that he will have little minde of his bed: for one months studying for a Sermon will make him forget his wife a whole yeare. Truly Dame (quoth John) I must needs speake in his behalfe, and the rather, for that he is a man of the Church, and your nere neighbor, to whom (as I gesse) you beare the best affection: I doe not thinke that he will be so much bound to his booke, or subject to the spirit, but that he will remember a woman at home or abroad. Well John (quoth she) tis my minde is not that way, so: I like better of one nearer hand. No marvell (quoth Jack) you are so peremptory, seeing you have so much choice: but I pray you Dame (quoth he) let me know this fortunate man, that is so highly placed in your favour. John (quoth she) they are worthy to know nothing, that cannot keepe something: that man (I tell thee) must goe namelesse: for he is Lord of my love, and King of my desires: there is neither Tanner, Taylor, nor Parson, may compare with him: his presence is a preservative to my health, his sweete smiles my hearts solace, and his words heavenly musicke to my eares. Why then Dame (quoth John) for your bodys health, your hearts joy, and your eares delight, delay

The pleasant Historie

not the time, but entertaine him with a kisse, make his bed next yours, and chop up the match in the morning. Well, quoth she, I perceiue thy consent is quickly got to any, having no care how I am matcht, so I be matcht: Twis, Twis, I could not let thee goe so lightly, being loth that any one should have thee, except I could love her as well as my selfe. I thanke you for your kindnesse and good will good Dame, quoth hee: but it is not wisdome for a young man that can scanty keepe himselfe, to take a wife: therefore I hold it the best way to lead a single life: for I have heard say, that many forrowes follow marriage, especially where want remaines: and besides, it is a hard matter to find a constant woman: for as young maides are fickle, so are old women jealous: the one a grieve too common, the other a torment intolerable. What John (quoth she) consider that maidens sickenesse proceeds of vaine fancies, but old womens jealousy of superabounding love, and therefore the more to be borne withall. But Dame, quoth hee, many are jealous without cause: for is it sufficient for their mistrusting natures to take exceptions at a shadow, at a word, at a look, at a smile; nay, at the twinkle of an eye, which neither man nor woman is able to expell? I knew a woman that was ready to hang her selfe, for seeing but her husbands shirt hang on a hedge with her maides smocke. I grant that this fault may haunt some, quoth she, yet there is many other that complaine not without great cause. Why, is there any cause that should move jealousy, quoth John: I by S. Mary is there, quoth she: for would it not grieve a woman (being one every way able to delight her husband) to see him forsake her despite and contemne her, being never so merry as when he is in other company, sporting abroad from morning till noone, from noone till night; and when he comes to bed, if he turne to his wife, it is in such fallennesse, & wearisome browne lamenesse, that it brings rather loathsomenesse than any delight: can you then blame a woman in this case to be angry and displeased? He tell you what, among brute beasts it is a grieve intolerable: for I heard my Grandame tell, that the Bel-weather of her

Rocke

flocke fancying one of the Calves aboue the rest, and seeing
 Gratis the Shepheard abusing her in abhominable sort (sub-
 verting the law of Nature) could by no meanes beare that
 abuse; but watching opportunity for reuenge, on a time found
 the said Shepheard sleeping in the field, and suddenly raine
 against him in such violent sort, that by the force of his
 weathred hornes, he beat the braines out of the Shepheards
 head, and slue him. If then a Sherpe could not indure that in-
 iurie, thinke not that women are so sheepish to suffer it. Be-
 leeue me (quoth John) If every home-maker should be so
 plagued by a horned beast, there would be lesse hornes made
 in Newberie by many in a yeere. But Dame (quoth hee) to
 make an end of this prattle, because it is an argument too
 deepe to be discussed betweene you and I, you shall heare me
 sing an old song, and so we will depart to supper.

A Maiden faire I dare not wed,
 For feare to have *Ateons* head.
 A Maiden black is often proud:
 A Maiden little will be loud.
 A Maiden that is high of growth,
 They say is subject unto sloath.
 Thus faire or foule, yea little or tall,
 Some faults remaine among them all.
 But of all the faults that be,
 None is so bad as jealousie.
 For jealousie is fierce and fell,
 And burnes as hot as fire in hell:
 It breeds suspicion without cause,
 And breakes the bonds of reasons laws.
 To none it is a greater foe,
 Than unto those where it doth grow.
 And God keepe me both day and night,
 From that fell, fond, and ugly spright:
 For why? of all the plagues that be,
 The secret plague is jealousie.
 Therefore I wisht all women kind,
 Never to beare a jealous minde.

The pleasant Historie

Well said John (quoth she) thy song is not so true, but thy
 boyce is as sweete : but seeing the time agrees with our sto-
 macks, though loth, yet will we give ower for this time, and
 betake our selves to our suppers. Then calling the rest of
 her servants, they fell to there meat merrily, and after sup-
 per the Good-wife went abroad for her recreation, to walke
 a while with one of her neighbours. And in the meane space
 John got him up into his chamber, and there began to medita-
 te on this matter, bethinking with himselfe what he were
 best to doe : for well hee perceiued that his Dames affection
 was great towards him : knowing therefore the womans
 disposition, and withall that her estate was reasonable good,
 and considering besides that he should find a house ready fur-
 nished, servants readie taught, and all other things for his
 trade necessarie, he thought it best not to let slip that good oc-
 casion, lest he should neber come to the like. But againe,
 when hee considered her yeeres to be unfitting to his youth,
 and that she that sometime had been his Dame, would (per-
 haps) disdaine to be governed by him that had been her poore
 servant, that it would prove but a bad bargaine, doubting
 many inconveniences that might grow thereby ; hee there-
 fore resolved to be silent, rather than to proceede further :
 wherefore he got him streight to bed, and the next morning
 settled himselfe close to his businesse. His Dame comming
 home, and hearing that her man was gone to bed, toke that
 night but small rest, and early in the morning hearing him
 up at his worke merrily singing, shee by and by arose, and in
 seemely sort attyring her selfe, she came into the worke-shop,
 and sat her down to make quills. Quoth John, good morrow
 Dame, how doe you to day? God a mercie John (quoth she)
 eben as well as I may : for I was soze troubled in my
 dreames. He thought two Doves walked together in a
 corne field, the one (as it were) in communication with the
 other, without regard of pecking up any thing to sustaine
 themselves : and after they had with many nods spent some
 time to their content, they both fell hard, with their prettie
 bills, to peck up the scattered corne, left by the weary Rea-
 pers

pers hand. At length (finding themselves satisfied) it chanced another Pigion to light in that place, with whom one of the first Pignons at length kept companie: and after, returning to the place where she left her first companion, perceiving he was not there, she kindly searching up and downe the high stubble to finde him, lighted at length on a hogge fast asleep, wherewith me thought the poore Dove was so dismayd, that presently she fell downe in a trance. I seeing her legges faile and her wings quiver, perceiving her selfe to death, moved with pittie, ran unto her, and thinking to take up the Pigion, mee thought I had in my hands my owne heart, wherein mee thought an arrowe stricke so deepe, that the blood trickled downe the shaft, and lay upon the feathers like the silber pearled dew on the greene grasse, which made me to weepe most bitterly. But presently me thought there came one to me crowned like a Queene, who told me my heart would die, except in time I got some of that sleeping Hogs greace to heale the wounds thereof. Whereupon I ranne in all haste to the Hog, with my heart bleeding in my hand, who (mee thought) grunted at me in most curllish sort, and banisht out of my sight. Whereupon comming straight home, me thought I found this Hog rustling among my Loomes, wherewith I presently awaked, suddenly after midnight, being all in a sweat and very ill: and I am sure you could not choose but heare me groane. Trust mee Dame I heard you not (quoth John) I was so sound asleep. And thus (quoth she) a woman may die in the night before you will have the care to see what she ailes, or aske what she lacks. But truly John (quoth she) all is one, for if thou shouldst have come, thou couldst not have got in, because my chamber doore was lockt: but while I live, this shall teach me wit, for henceforth I will have no other locke but a latch, till I am married. Then Dame (quoth he) I perceive though you be curious in your choice, yet at length you will marrie. I truly (quoth she) so thou wilt not hinder me. Who I, quoth John? on my faith Dame not for a hundred pounds, but rather will further you to the uttermost of my power. Indeed

The pleasant Historie

(quoth she) thou hast no reason to shew any discourtesie to me in that matter, although some other neighbours doe not stick to say, that I am sure to thee already. If it were so (quoth John) there is no cause to denie it, or to be ashamed thereof, knowing my selfe far unworthy of so high a favour. Well, let this talke rest, quoth she, and take there thy quills, for it is time for me to goe to market.

Thus the matter rested for two or three daies, in which space she daily devised which way she might obtaine her desire, which was to marry her man. Many things came in her head, and sundry sleights in her minde, but none of them did sit her fancy, so that she became wondrous sad, & as still as the nine Sibyls; and in this melancholy humour she continued three weekes or a month, till at last it was her lucke upon a Bartholmew day (having a Faire in the towne) to spy her man John give a paire of Globes to a proper maide for a Fayzing, which the maiden with a bashfull modestie kindly accepted, & requested it with a kisse: which kindled in her an inward jealousie: but notwithstanding very discretly she covered it, & closely pass along unspeied of her man or the maide.

She had not gone farre but she met with one of her Suitors, namely the Taylor, who was very fine and briske in his apparell, and needs hee would bestow the wine upon the Widoow: and after some faint deniall, meeting with a Gossip of hers, to the Taberne they went, which was more courtesie than the Taylor could ever get of her before, shewing her selfe very pleasant and merrie: and finding her in such a pleasing humour, the Taylour after a new quart of wine renewed his old sute. The Widoow with patience heard him, and gently answered, that in respect of his great good will long time bozne unto her, as also in regard of his gentleness, cost and courtesie at that present bestowed, shee would not flatly denie him. Therefore (quoth she) seeing this is not a place to conclude of such matters, if I may intreate you to come to my poore house on Thursday next, you shall be heartily welcome, and be further satisfied of my minde: and thus preferred to a touch of her lips, hee paid the shot, and departed.

of Jacke of Newberie.

ted. The Taploz was scant out of sight, when she met with the Tanner : who albeit he was aged, yet lustily he saluted her, and to the wine she must, there was no nay. The Widow seeing his importunacie, calls her Gossip, and along they walked together. The old man called for wine plentie, and the best cheere in the house : and in heartie manner beebids the Widow welcome. They had not sitten long, but in comes a noyse of musitians in satwite coates, who (putting off their caps) asked if they would have any Musick. The Widow answered no, they were merrie enough. But, quoth the old man, let us heare good fellowes what ye can doe. and plate me, The beginning of the World. Alas, quoth the Widow, you had more need to hearken to the ending of the world. Why Widow, quoth he, I tell thee the beginning of the world was the begetting of Childezen : and if you find me faultie in that occupation, turne mee out of the bed for a bungler, and then send for the Sexton. He had no sooner spoke the word, but the Parson of Speen with his corner cap popt in at the doore, who seeing the Widow sitting at the Table, craved pardon, and came in. Quoth she, for want of the Sexton, here is the Priest if you need him. Parrie (quoth the Tanner) in good time, for by this meanes we need not goe farre to be married. Sir, quoth the Parson, I shall doe my best in convenient place. Wherein, quoth the Tanner : Loved her my selfe, quoth the Parson. Nay soft, said the Widow, one Swallow makes not a Sommer, nor one meeting a marriage : as I lighted on you unlockt for, so came I hither unprohibited for the purpose. I trust, quoth the Tanner, you came not without your eyes to see, your tongue to speak, your eares to heare, your hands to feele, nor your legs to goe. I brought my eyes, quoth she, to discerne colours, my tongue to say No to questions I like not, my hands to thrust from me the things that I love not, my eares to iudge twirt flatterie & friendship, & my feet to run from such as would wrong me. Why then, quoth the Parson, by your gentle abiding in this place, it is evident that here are none but such as you like and love. God forbid I should hate my friends (quoth the Widow)

The pleasant Historie

widow) whom I take all these in this place to be. But there is diuers sorts of love, quoth the Parson. You say truth, quoth the Widow : I love your selfe for your profession, and my friend the Tanner, for his courtesie and kindnesse, and the rest for their good company. Yet (quoth the Parson) for the explaining of your love, I pray you drinke to him you love best in the companie. Why (quoth the Tanner) have you any hope of her love? Beléve me (saith the Parson) as much as another. Why then Parson sit down, said the Tanner : for you that are equall with me in desire, shall surely be halfe with me in the shot : and so Widow, on Gods name fulfill the Parsons request. Seeing (quoth the widow) you are so pleasantly bent, if my courtesie might not breed contention betwéne you, and that I may have your labour to shew my fancie, I will fulfill your request. Quoth the Parson, I am pleased howsoever it be. And I, quoth the Tanner. Why then (quoth she) with this cup of Claret wine and Sugar, I heartily drinke to the Pinfrels boy. Why, is it he you love best, quoth the Parson? I have reason, said she, to like & love them best, that will be least offended with my doings. Say Widow (quoth they) we meant you should drinke to him whom you loved best in the way of marriage. Quoth the Widow, you should have said so at the first : but to tell you my opinion, it is small discretion for a woman to disclose her secret affection in an open assembly : therefore, if to that purpose you spake, let me intreate you both to come home to my house on Thursday next, where you shall be heartily welcome, & there be fully resolved of my mind : And so, with thanks, at this time he take my leave. The shot being paid, and the Puritans pleased, they all departed, the Tanner to Wallingford, the Parson to Speen, & the Widow to her own house : where in her wonted solemnnesse she settled her selfe to her businesse.

Against Thursday she dress her house fine and brave, and set her selfe in her best apparell. The Taylor nothing forgetting his promise, sent to the Widow a good fat Pigge, and a Goose. The Parson being as mindfull as he, sent to her house a couple of fat Rabets and a Capon : and the Tanner came him-

of Jack of Newberie.

himselfe, and brought a good shoulder of Mutton, and halfe a dozen of Chickens; besides he brought a good gallon of Sack, and halfe a pound of the best Sugar. The Widow receiued this good meat, let her Maide to dress it incontinent, and when dinner time drew nere, the Table was covered, and euer other thing provided in convenient and comely sort.

At length the guests being come, the Widow had them all heartily welcome; The Host and the Tanner seeing the Taylor, mused what he made there: the Taylor on the other side, marvelled as much at their presence. Thus looking strangely one at another, at length the Widow came out of the kitchen, in a fustian gowne, garter, Ruch, full of silver pins, a sunshilde cap on her head; with cuts of curious needle-work upon the same; and on apan before her as white as the Dutch cloth; then being modestly making curtisie to them all, she requested them to sit downe. When they had thus past the stage with the widow, she herselfe, with a smiling countenance, took the Parson by the hand, saying: Sir, as you stand highest in the Church, so is it meete you should sit highest at the Table: and therefore I pray you sit downe there on the bench-side. And she said so to the Tanner, as age do, to be honoured before youth for their experience, so are they to sit above Watchers for their grauitie, and so she set him downe on this side the Table, over against the Parson. Then comming to the Taylor, she said, Watcher, though you be the last, you are welcome for you sit with the first: and seeing your place points out it selfe, I pray you take a cushion and sit downe. And now (quoth she) to make the boord equall, and because it hath bene an old saying, that these things are to small purpose if the fourth be away, if so it may, send forth your servant: I will call in a Coffin of mine to supplye this fourth place. With a good will, quoth they. With that he brought in an old woman with scant euer a good tooth in her head; and placed her right against the Watcher. When the meat brought to the boord in due order by the Widows servants, her man John being charged thereto. The Widow sat downe at the Tables end

The pleasant Historie

between the Parson and the Tanner, who in very good sort cat-
ted meat for them all, her man John waiting on the Table.

After they had sitten a while, & well refreshed themselves,
the Widow taking a Chistall glasse filld with claret Wine,
drinke unto the whole companie, and bad them welcome.
The Parson pledged her, and so did all the rest in due order;
but still in their companie the tyme pass over the poore old wo-
mans nose; insomuch that at length the old Woman (in a
merrite beine) spake thus unto the companie: I have had
much good meat among you; but as for the drinke I can no-
thing commend it. Alas good Colly (quoth the Widow) I
perceiue no man hath drinke to this yet. Potently, quoth the
old Woman, so; Churchmen have so much mist of young
Kabels, old men such ioy in young Chikens; and Butcher
lovs in Piggs flesh take such delight; that an old Dole, a tough
Henne, or a gray Coney are not accepted: and so it is sene by
me, else I should have bene better remembered. Well, old
woman, quoth the Parson, take here the leg of a Capon to
stop thy mouth. Now by so, Anne I dare not, quoth she. So-
wherefore saith the Parson? Partis for feare lest you should
goe home with a Crotch, quoth he. The Tapster saith, then
take here a peece of Goose. Now say so, said the old
Woman, let Goose goe to his kind; you have a young Ro-
mach, eat it your selfe, and much good may it doe your heart,
sweet young man. The old woman lacks most of her teeth,
quoth the Tanner, and therefore a peece of tender Chicke
is fittest for her. If I did lacke as many of my teeth, quoth
the old woman, as you lacke points of good husbandrie, I
doubt I should starve before it were long. At this the Wi-
dow laught heartily, and the men weree stricken into such a
dumpe, that they had not a word to say. Dinner being en-
ded, the Widow with the rest rose from the Table, and after
they had sitten a pretty while merrily talking, the Widow
called her man John to bring her a bosome of fresh ale, which
he did. Then said the Widow, my maisters, now for your
courtlesse androst I heartily thanke you all, and in requitall
of all your labour, love and good will, I drinke to you, gi-
ving

of Jacke of Newberie.

bling you free libertie when you please to depart. At these
 words her Suto;e looked so sorrowfully one upon another, as if
 they had beene newly champing of Crabs. Which when the
 Taylo;e heard, shaking up himselfe in his new russet Jerkin,
 and setting his hat on one side, hee began to speake thus. I
 trust sweet Widow (quoth he) you remember to what end
 my coming was hither to day. I have long time bene a
 Suto;e unto you, and this day you promised to give me a direct
 answer. His true, quoth she, and so I have: for your love
 I give you thanks, and when you please you may depart.
 Shall I not have you, said the Taylo;e. Alas (quoth the Wi-
 dow) you come too late. Good friend (quoth the Tanner) it
 is manners for young men to let their elders bee served be-
 fore them: to what end should I be here if the Widow should
 have thee: a flat deniall is meet for a saucie sister: but what
 saiest thou to me, faire Widow (quoth the Tanner:) Sir,
 said she, because you are so sharpe set, I would wish you as
 soon as you can to wed. Appoint the time your selfe: quoth the
 Tanner. When a lloone (quoth she) as you can get a Wife,
 and hope not after me, for I am already promised. How
 Tanner you may take your place with the Taylo;e, quoth
 the Parson, for indeed the Widow is for no man but my
 selfe. Pastur Parson (quoth she) many have runne nere the
 goale, and yet lost the game, and I cannot helpe it though
 your hope be in vaine: besides, Parsons are but newly in-
 slered to have Wives, and for my part I will have none of the
 first head. What (quoth the Taylo;e) is your merriment
 growne to this reckoning: I never spent a Pig and a Goose
 to so bad a purpose before: I promise you when I came in I
 verily thought that you were invited by the Widow to
 make her and mee sure together, and that the jolly Tanner
 was brought to bee a witnesse to the contract, and the
 old Woman fetcht in for the same purpose: else I would
 never have put up so many oyle bobs at her hands. And sure-
 ly, quoth the Tanner, I knowing thee to be a Taylo;e, did
 assuredly thinke that thou wast appointed to come and take
 measure for our wedding apparell. But now we are all de-

The pleasant Historie

celbed, quoth the Parson, and therefore as we came tooles, so we may depart hence like asses. What is it you interpret the matter, said the Widow: for I ever doubting that a concluding answer would be a farre fit the end among you every one, I thought it better to be done at this instant, and in mine owne house, than at sundry times, and in common Taverns. And as for the meat you sent, as it was requested of me, so had you your part thereof, and if you thinke good to take home the remainder, prepare your wallets, and you shall have it. Say the Widow, quoth they, although we have lost our labours, we have not altogether lost our manners: that which you have, keepe, and God send us better luck; and to you your hearts desire, and wish that they departed.

The Widow being gladd she was thus rid of her guests, when her man John with all the rest sat at supper, she sitting in a chaire by, spake thus unto them: Well my masters, you saw that this day your pious Dame had her choice of husbands, if shee had list to marrie, and such as would have loved and maintained her like a woman. This true, quoth John, and I pray God you have not withstood your best fortune. Excuse me (quoth she) I know not, but if I have, I may thanke mine owne foolish fancie.

Thus it pass on from Bartholomewtide, till it was neere Christmas, at what time the weather was so wonderful cold, that all the running RIVERS round about the Towne were frozen very thicke. The Widow being very loth any longer to lie without companie, in a cold winters night made a great fire, and sent for her man John: having also prepared a chaire and a cushion, she made him sit downe therein, and sending for a pinte of good Sack, they both went to supper.

In the end bed time comming on, she caused her Husbands a merriment to plack off his hose and shewes, and caused him to be laide in his masters best bed, standing in the best Chamber, hung round about with very faire curtaines, John being thus preferred, thought himselfe a Gentleman, and lying soft, after his hard labour and a good supper, quickly fell asleepe.

About midnight, the Widow being cold on her feet, crept into

of Jacke of Newberie.

into her mans bed to warme them. John feeling one lift up the clothes, asked who was there: O good John, it is I, quoth the Widoow, the night is so extreme cold, and my Chamber walls so thin, that I am like to be starved in my bed: wherefoze rather than I would any way hazard my health, I thought it much better to come hither and trie your cariesie, to have a little roomne beside you.

John being a kind young man would not say her nay, and so they spent the rest of the night both together in one bed. In the morning betime she rose up and made her selfe readie, and tolked her man John to runne and fetch her a linke with all speed: for, quoth she, I have earnest businesse to doe this morning. Her man did so. Which done, she made him to carrie the linke before her, untill she came to S. Bartholomews Chappel, where Sir John the Priest, with the Cleark and Sexton, stood waiting for her. John, quoth she, turne into the Chappell, for before I goe further, I will make my prayers to S. Bartholomew, so shall I speed the better in my businesse. When they were come in, the Priest according to his order came to her, and asked where the Bride-groome was. Quoth she, I thought he had bene here before me. Sir (quoth she) I will sit downe and say ober my beads, and by that time he will come. John mused at this matter, to see that his Dame should so suddenly bee married, and he hearing nothing thereof before. The Widoow rising from her prayers, the Priest told her that the Bridegroome was not yet come. Is it true, quoth the Widoow: I promise you I will stay no longer for him if he were as good as George a Green, and therefore dispatch, quoth she, and marrie me to my man John. Why Dame (quoth he) you doe but jest I trow: John (quoth she) I jest not, for so I meane it shall be, and stand not strangely, but remember that you did promise mee on your faith not to hinder me, when I came to the Church to be married, but rather to set it forward: therefore set your linke aside, and gibe me your hand, for none but you shall be my husband. John seeing no remedy, consented, because he saw the matter could not otherwise be amended; and married

The pleasant Historie

they were presently. When they were come home, John entertained his Dame with a kisse : which the other servants seeing, thought him something sawcie. The Widow caused the best chere in the house to be set on the Table, and to breakfast they went, causing her new husband to be set in a chaire at the Tables end, with a faire napkin laid on his trencher : then she called out the rest of her servants, willing them to sit down and take part of their good cheere. They wondering to see their fellow John sit at the Tables end in their old masters chaire, began heartily to smile, & then openly laughed at the matter, especially because their Dame so kindly sate by his side: which she perceiving, asked if that were all the manners they could shew before their master : I tell you, quoth she, he is my husband, so; this morning we were married, and therefore hence forward looke you acknowledge your duty towards him. The folkes looked one upon another, marbelling at this strange newes. Which when John perceived, he said, My masters muse not at all : for although by Gods providence and your Dames favour, I am preferred from being your fellow to be your Master, I am not thereby so much puffed up in pride, that any way I will forget my former estate. Notwithstanding, seeing I am now to hold the place of a Master, it shall be wisdom in you to forget what I was, and to take me as I am; and in doing your diligence, you shall have no cause to repent that God made me your master. The servants hearing this, as also knowing his good government before time, past their yeeres with him in dutifull manner.

The next day, the report was over all the Towne, that Jacke of Newberie had married his Dame : so that when the Woman walked abroad, every one had God give her joy: some said that she was matcht to her sorrow, saying, that so lustie a young a man as he, would never love her being so ancient. Whereupon the Woman made answer, that she would take him downe in his wedding shoes, and would trie his patience in the prime of his lustinesse : whereunto many of her Gossips did likewise encourage her. Every day therefore

therefore for the space of a month after she was married ; it was her ordinarie custome to goe forth in the morning among her Gossips & acquaintance to make merrie, and not to returne home till night, without any regard of her household. Of which, at her comming home, her husband did very oftentimes admonish her in very gentle sort, shewing what great inconvenience would grow thereby: the which sometime she would take in gentle part, and sometime in disdain, saying ;

I am now in very good case, that he which was my servant but the other day, will now be my Master : this it is for a Woman to make her foot her head. The day hath bene when I might have gone forth when I would, and come in againe when it had pleased me, without controlement: and now I must bee subject to every Jackes checke. I am sure (quoth she) that by my gadding abroad, & carelesse spending, I waiste no goods of thine. I pitying thy povertie, made thee a man and Master of the house, but not to the end I would become thy slave. I sowe, I tell thee true, that such a youngling as thy selfe should correct my conceit, & geve me instructions, as if I were not able to guide my selfe: but pfaith, pfaith you shall not use me like a babe, nor hyde me like an Ass: and seeing my going abroad grieves thee, where I have gone forth one day, I will goe abroad three, and for one houre I will stay five. Well (quoth her husband) I trust you will be better advised: and with that he went from her about his businesse, leaving her sweating in her fustian skirts.

Thus the time past on, till on a certaine day she had bene abroad in her wonted manner, and staying forth very late, he shut the doores, and went to bed. About midnighr she comes to the doore, and knocks to come in: to whom, he looking out the window, answered in this sort.

What, is it you that keepe such a knocking? I pray you get hence, and request the Constable to prohibe you a bed, for this night you shall have no lodging here. I hope, quoth she, you will not shut me out of doores like a dogge, or let me lie in the street like a strumpet. Whether like a dogge or not, quoth he, all is one to me, knowing no reason but that

as you have stayed out all day for your delight, so you may lie forth all night for my pleasure. Both birds and beasts at the nights approach, prepare to their rest, & obserue a contentment time to returne to their habitation. Awake but upon the poore Spider, the Frog, the Flea, and ebery other silly woorme, and you shall see all these obserue time to returne to their home: and if you being a woman will not doe the like, content you self to hear the humt of your owne folly, and so farewell.

The Woman hearing this, made piteous moane, and in very humble sort intreated him to let her in; and to pardon this offence, and while she liued vowed neuer to doe the like. Her husband at length being moved with pittie towards her, slipt on his shoes and came downe in his shirt: the doore being opened, in she went quaking, and as he was about to locke it againe, in very sorrowfull manner she said: Alacke husband what hap haue I: my wedding Ring was stolen now in my hand, and I haue let it fall about the doore, you sweet John come forth with the Candle, and help me to finde it. The man incontinent did so, and while he sought for that which was not there to bee found, shee whipt into the house, and quickly clapping to the doore, shee lockt her husband out. He stood calling with the candle in his hand to come in, but shee made as if shee heard not. Aron then went up into her chamber, and carried the key with her: but when hee saw shee would not answer, he presently began to knock as loud as he could at the doore. At last she thrust her head out at the window, saying: who is there? Tis I, quoth John, what meane you by this? I pray you come downe and open the doore that I may come in.

What sir, quoth she, is it you? haue you nothing to doe but daunce about the streets at this time of night, and like a Spirit of the Wicketts hunt after Crickets: are you so hot that the house cannot hold you? May I pray the sweet heart, quoth he, doe not gybe any longer, but let me in. O sir remember, quoth she, how you stood euen now at the window, like a Judge on the Bench, and in tawling sort kept me out of my owne house. Who now Jacke, am I euen with you? What John

of Jacke of Newberie.

John my man, were you so lustie to locke you Dame out of doores: Sirra, remember you had me goe to the Constable to get lodging, now you have leasure to trie if his wife will prefer you to a bed. You sir swace, that made me stand in the cold till my feet did freeze, and my teeth chatter, while you stood preaching of birds and beasts, telling mee a tale of spiders, flies, and frogges: goe trie now if any of them will be so friendly to let thee have lodging. Why goe you not man: feare not to speake with them, for I am sure you shall finde them at home: thinke not they are such ill husbands as you, to be abroad at this time of night.

With this Johns patience was greatly moved, insomuch that hee deeply swoore, that if she would not let him in, hee would breake downe the doore. Why John, quoth she, you need not be so hot, your clothing is not so warme: and because I thinke this will be a warning unto you against another time, how you shut me out of my house, catch, there is the key, come in at thy pleasure, and looke thou goe to bed to thy sellowes, for with me thou shalt not lie to night. With that she clapt too the casement, and got her to bed, locking the chamber doore fast. Her husband that knew it was in vaine to seeke to come into her chamber, and being no longer able to endure the cold, got him a place among his Wrentizes, and there slept soundly. In the morning his wife rose betime, and merrily made him a Catwale, and bringing it up to his bed, asked him how he did.

Quoth John, troubled with a shew, who the longer shee liues the worse she is: and as the people of Illyris kill men with their looks, so shee kills her husbands heart with untoward conditions. But trust me wife, quoth hee, seeing I finde you of such crooked qualities, that (like the Spider) ye turne the sweet flowers of gods counsell into venomous popson, from henceforth I will leaue you to your owne wilfulness, and neither bere my minde, nor trouble my selfe to restraine you: the which if I had wisely done last night, I had kept the house in quiet, and my selfe from cold. Husband (quoth she) thinke that women are like Starlings, that will

The pleasant Historie

burst their gall before they will yeld to the Fowler: or like the Fish Scolopendra, that cannot be toucht without danger. Notwithstanding, as the hard Steele doth yeld to the hammers stroke, being used to his kind, so will women to their husbands, where they are not too much cross. And seeing ye have sworn to give me my will, I vow likewise that my willfulness shall not offend you. I tell you husband, the noble nature of women is such, that for their loving friends they will not stick (like the Pellican) to pierce their own hearts to doe them good. And therefore forgiving each other all injuries past, having also tride one anothers patience, let us quench these burning coales of contention, with the sweet juice of a faithfull kisse, and shaking hands, bequeath all our anger to the eating up of this Caldwile. Her husband courteously consented: and after this time, they lived long together, in most godly, loving and kind sort, till in the end she dyed, leaving her husband wondrous wealthy.

CHAP. II.

Of *Jacke* of *Newberie* his great wealth and number of servants: and also how he brought the *Queen Katharine* two hundred and fiftie men prepared for the war at his owne cost against the King of Scots at *Flodden field*.

Now *Jack* of *Newberie* being a widower, had the choice of many wives, mens daughters of good credit, and widowes of great wealth. Notwithstanding he bent his onely like to one of his owne servants, whom he had tried in the guiding of his house a yere or two: and knowing her to be carefull in her busines, faithfull in her dealing, & an excellent good huswife, thought it better to have her with nothing, than some other with much treasure. And beside, as her qualittes were good, so was she of very comely personage, of a sweet labour, and faire complexion. In the end he opened his minde unto her, and craved her good will. The maide (though she toke this motion kindly) said she would doe nothing without consent of her parents. Whereupon a Letter was writ to her Father, being a poore man dwelling at *Alisburie* in *Buckinghamshire*:

of Jack of Newberie.

hamshire : who being ioyfull of his daughters good fortune,
speedily came to Newberie, where of her master hee was
friendly entertained: who after he had made him good chère,
shewed him all his servants at worke, and every office in his
house.

Within one roome being large and long,
There stood two hundred Loomes full strong :
Two hundred men the truth is so,
Wrought in these Loomes all in a row.
By every one a prettie boy,
Sate making quilts with mickle joy :
And in another place hard by,
An hundred women merrily,
Were carding hard with ioyfull cheere,
Who singing sat with voyces cleere.
And in a chamber close beside,
Two hundred maidens did abide,
In peticots of Stammel red,
And milke-white Kerchers on their head :
Their smock sleeves like to winter snow,
That on the Westerne mountaines flow,
And each sleeve with a silken band,
Was featly tied at the hand.
These prettie maids did never lin,
But in that place all day did spin :
And spinning so with voyces meet,
Like Nightringales they sung full sweet.
Then to another Roome came they,
Where children were in poore array ;
And every one sat picking wooll,
The finest from the course to cull :
The number was seven score and ten,
The children of poore silly men :
And these their labours to requite,
Had every one a penny at night,
Beside their meat and drinke all day,
Which was to them a wondrous stay.

The pleasant Historie

Within another place likewise,
Full fiftie proper men he spies,
And these were Shearemen every one,
Whose skill and cunning there was showne:
And hard by them there did remaine,
Full foure score Rowers taking paine.
A Dye-house likewise had he then,
Wherein he kept full fortie men:
And likewise in his fulling Mill,
Full twenty persons kept he still.
Each weeke ten good fat Oxen he
Spent in his house for certaintie:
Beside good butter, cheefe and fish,
And many another wholesome dish.
He kept a Butcher all the yeere,
A Brewer eke for Ale and Beere:
A Baker for to bake his bread,
Which stood his household in good stead.
Five Cookes, within his kitchin great,
Were all the yeere to dresse his meat.
Sixe scullion boyes unto their hands,
To make cleane dishes, pots and pans;
Beside poore children that did stay,
To turne the broaches every day.
The old man that did see this sight,
Was much amaz'd, as well he might:
This was a gallant Clothier sure,
Whose fame for ever shall endure.

When the old man had sene this great household and fami-
ly, then hee was brought into the Ware-houses, some being
fil'd with wool, some with flockes, some with woad and madder,
and some with broad cloathes & kerseys readie dyed and
drest, beside a great number of others, some stretch on the
Centers, some hanging on poles, and a great many more ly-
ing wet in other places. Sir (quoth the old man) I wis the
see you be hominable rich, and chame content you shall have
my daughter, and Gods blessing and mine light on you both.

But

of Jacke of Newberie.

But Father (quoth Jack of Newberie) what will you bestow with her: Parry heare you (quoth the old man) I haith chain but a poore man, but I thong God, chain of gooderclamation among my neighbours, and they will as soone take my vice for any thing as a richer mans: thicke I will bestow, you shall haue with a good will, because she here very good condemnation of you in ebery place, therefore chil gibe you twenty Nobles and a weaning Calfe, and when I die and my wife, you shall haue the reuelation of all my goods.

When Jacke heard his offer he was straight content, making more reckoning of the womans modestie than her Fathers mony. So the marriage day being appointed, all things were prepared meet for the wedding, & royall chere ordained, most of the Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen thereabout were indited thereunto. The Bride being attyred in a Gowne of shæpes russet, and a kertle of fine woosted, her head attyred with a billiment of gold, and her haire as yellow as gold hanging downe behind her, which was curiously combed and pleated, according to the manner in those dayes: she was led to Church between two sweet boyes, with Wide laces and Rosemary tied about their silken slæues, the one of them was son to Sir Thomas Parry, the other to Sir Francis Hungerford. Then was there a faire Wide cup of silver & gelt carried befoze her, wherein was a goodly bzyanch of Rosemarie gilded very faire, hung about with silken Ribonds of all colours: next was there a noyse of Musicians that played all the way befoze her: after her came all the chiefest maydens of the Countrie, some bearing great Wide Cakes, and some Carlands of wheate finely gilded, and so she past unto the Church.

It is needlesse for mee to make any mention here of the Bridegrome, who being a man so well beloved, wanted no company, & those of the best sort, beside others Merchant Strangers of the Stillyard, that came from London to the Wedding. The marriage being solemnized, home they came in order as befoze, and to dinner they went, where was no want of good chere, no lacke of melodie. When Wine at this wedding was as plentifull as Were of Ale, for the Merchants

The pleasant Historie

had sent thither ten Laines of the best in the Stillard.

This wedding endured ten dayes, to the great reliefe of the poore that dwelt all about: and in the end the Brides Father and Mother came to pay their Daughters portion: which when the Bridegroom had receiued, he gave them great thanks. Notwithstanding he would not suffer them yet to depart, and against they should goe home, their sonne in law came unto them, saying: Father and Mother, all the thanks that my poore heart can yeeld, I giue you for your good will, cost, & courtesie, and while I liue make hold to use me in any thing that I am able, and in requitall of the gift you gave me with your daughter, I giue you here thwentie pound to bestow as you finde occasion, and for your losse of time, and charges riding up and downe, I giue you here as much broadcloath as shall make you a cloake, and my mother a holloy Gowne, and when this is to come set, come to me and fetch more.

And my good son (quoth the old woman) Thats benison be with thee evermore: for to tell thee true wee had sold all our skinne to make money for my daughters marriage, & this yeeben yere twelshousand had bin able to buy more. Notwithstanding wee should have sold all that ever wee had, before my poore wench should have lost her marriage. I (quoth the old man) had haue sold my coate from my back, & my bed from under me, before my Child should haue gone without you. I thanke you good father & mother, said the bride, & I pray God long to keepe you in health: then the bride kin kiled downe, & bid her wite to her parents, who weeping for her joy, departed.

Not long after this, it chanced while our noble King was in King warre in France, that James King of Scotland, falsly breaking his oath, invaded England with a great Arme, & did much hurt upon the borders: whereupon on the sudden every man was appointed according to his abilitie to be readie with his men & furniture, at an houres warning, on paine of death. Jack of Newberie was commanded by the Iustice to set out five men, foure armed with Billes, and two Calibers, and to meet the Duke in Buckinghamshire, who was there raising a great power to goe against the faithlesse King of Scots.

When

of Jacke of Newberie.

When Jacke had receiued this charge, he came home in all haste, and cut out a whole haneloth for horsemens coats, & so much more as would make up coats for the number of a hundred men: in short time he had made readie fiftie tall men well mounted in white coats, and red caps with yellow feathers, Demilances in their hands, and fiftie armed men on foot with Pikes, & fiftie shot in white coats also, every man so expert in the handling of his weapon, as few better were found in the field. Himselfe likewise in complete armour on a goodly Barbed Horse, red for most of the company, with a Lance in his hand, and a faire plume of yellow feathers in his crest, and in this sort he came before the Iustices: who at the first approach did not a little wonder what he should be.

At length when he discovered what he was, the Iustices and most of the Gentlemen gave him great commendations for this his good and forward minde shewed in this action: but some other enuying hereat, gave out words that he shewed himselfe more prodigall than prudent, and more vaine-glorious than well advised, seeing that the best Nobleman in the Countrey would scarce haue done so much: and no marvell (quoth they) for such a one would call to his remembrance, that the King had often occasions to urge his subjects to such charges, and therefore would doe at one time as they might be able to doe at another: but Jacke of Newberie, like the Stoic in the Spring-time, thinks the biggest Cedar too low for him to build his nest in, and ere the yeere be halfe done, may be glad to haue his bed in a bush.

These disdainfull speeches being at last brought to Jacke of Newberies eare, though it grieved him much, yet patiently put them up till tyme convenient. Within a while after, all the Souldiers of Barkshire, Hampshire, and Wilshire, were commanded to shew themselves before the Quene at Stonny Stratford, where her Grace, with many Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen were assembled, with ten thousand men. Against Jacke should goe to the Quene, hee caused his face to be smeared with blood, and his white coate in like manner.

When they were come before her Highnesse, she deman-

The pleasant Historie

ded (aboue all the rest) what those white coats were: Whereupon, Sir Henrie Englefield (who had the leading of the Barkeshire men) made answer.

May it please your Majestie to understand, that he which rideth so most there, is called Jacke of Newberie and all those gallant men in white, are his owne servants, who are maintained all the yeere by him, whom he at his owne cost hath set out in this time of extremitie, to serue the King against his haunting foe: and I assure your Majestie, there are not, for the number, better Souldiers in the field.

Good Sir Henry (quoth the Quene) bying the man to mee, that I may see him: which was done accordingly. Then Jack with all his men alighted, and humbly on their knees fell before the Quene. Her grace said, Gentleman arise, & putting forth her lillie white hand, gave it him to kisse. Most gracious Quene, quoth he, Gentleman am I none, nor the son of a Gentleman, but a poore Clothier, whose lands are his Womes, having no other rents but what I get from the backs of little Woepe, nor can I claime any cognisance but a wooden shuttle. Nevertheless, most gracious Quene, these my poore servants and my selfe, with life and goods are readie at your majesties command, not onely to spend our bloods, but also to lose our lives in defence of our King and Countrey.

Welcome to mee Jacke of Newberie said the Quene, though a Clothier by trade, yet a Gentleman by condition, and a faithfull subject in heart: and if thou chance to have any sute in Court, make account the Quene will be thy friend, and would to God the King had many such Clothiers. But tell mee, how came thy white coate besmeared with blood, and thy face to be scratcht? May it please your Grace (quoth hee) to understand, that it was my chance to meete with a Monster, who, like the people Cynomolgi, had the proportion of a man, but headed like a dogge, the biting of whose teeth was like the poysoned teeth of a Crocodile, and his breath like the Basilisks, killing a farre off. I understand his name was Enbie, who assailed me invisibly, like the wicked spirit of Mogunce, who sling stones at men, & could
not

of Jack of Newberie.

not be séene: and so I came by my scratcht face, not knowing when it was done. What was the cause this monster should afflict thee above the rest of thy company, or other men in the field? Although, most Soberaigne Quén, quoth he, this poysoned curie snarleth at many, and that few can escape the hurt of his wounding breath, yet at this time he bent his foire against me, not for any hurt I did him, but because I surpass him in heartie affection to my Soberaigne Lord, and with the poore Whols offered all I had to serue my Prince and Country. It were happle for England, said the Quén, if in euerie market Towne there were a Hybbet hanging up curres of that kind, who like Alsops dog lying in the manger, will doe no good himselte, nor suffer such as would doe any.

This speéche being ended, the Quén caused her Arme to be set in order, and in towlike manner to march toward Flodden, where King James had pitcht his field. But as they passed along with Drum and Trumpet, there came a Post from the valliant Earle of Surrey, with tydings to her Grace, that now she might dismiss her Army, for that it had pleased God to grant the noble Earle victorie over the Scots: whom he had by his boldnesse and ballianerie vanquish in fight, and slaine their King in battell. Upon which newes her Majestie discharged her Forces, and joyfully toke her journey to London, with a pleasant countenance, praying God for her famous victorie, and yeelding thanks to all the Noble Gentlemen and Souldiers for their readinesse in the action, giving many gifts to the Nobilitie, and great rewards to the Souldiers: among whom she nothing forgot Jack of Newberie, about whose necke she put a rich chaine of gold: at what time he with all the rest gave a great shout, saying: God save Katharine the noble Quén of England. Many Noblemen of Scotland were taken prisoners at this battell, and many more slaine: so that there never came a greater soyle to Scotland than this: for you shall understand that the Scottish King made full account to be Lord of this land, watching opportunitie to bring to passe his faithlesse and trayterous practice: which was when our King was in

The pleasant Historie

France, at Turney, and Turwin: in regard of which warres, the Scots bannted there was none left in England, but beards and ploughmen, who were not able to lead an Army, having no skill in martiall affaires. In consideration of which advantage, hee invaded the Countrey, boasting of victorie before he had won it: which was no small griefto Quene Margaret his wife, who was eldest Sister to our noble King. Wherefore in disgrace of the Scots, and in remembrance of the famous atchieved victorie, the Commons of England made this Song: which to this day is not forgotten of many,

The SONG.

King *James* hath made a vow,
Keepe it well if he may,
That he will be at lovely *London*,
upon Saint *James* his day.

Upon Saint *James* his day at noone,
at faire *London* will I be:
And all the Lords in merrie *Scotland*,
they shall dine there with me.

Then bespake good Queen *Margaret*,
the teares fell from her eye:
Leave off these warres most noble King,
keepe your fidelitie.

The water runnes swift and wondrous deepe,
from bottome unto the brim;
My brother *Henrie* hath men good enough,
England is hard to win.

Away (quoth he) with this silly foole,
In prison fast let her lie:
For she is come of the English blood,
and for these words she shall die.

With

of Jacke of Newberie.

With that bespake Lord *Thomas Howard*,
The *Queenes* Chamberlaine that day :
If that you put *Queene Margaret* to death,
Scotland shall rue it alway.

Then in a rage King *Jamie* did say,
away with this foolish Mome :
He shall be hang'd, and the other be burn'd,
so soone as I come home.

At *Flodden Field* the Scots came in,
which made our English men faine :
At *Bramstone-greene* this battell was scene,
there was King *Jamie* slaine.

Then presently the Scots did flie;
their Cannons they left behind :
Their Ensignes gay were won all away,
our Souldiers did beat them blind.

To tell you plaine, twelve thousand were slaine.
that to the fight did stand :
And many prisoners tooke that day,
the best in all *Scotland*.

That day made many fatherlesse child,
and many a Widow poore :
And many a Scottish gay Lady,
sate weeping in her bower.

Jacke with a feather was lapt all in leather,
His boastings were all in vaine :
He had such a chance with a new morrice dance,
He never went home againe.

The pleasant Historie

CHAP. III.

How *Jack of Newberie* went to receive the King, as hee went a progresse into Berkeshire : and how he made him a banquet in his owne house.

ABout the tenth yere of the Kings reigne, his Grace made his progresse into Berkeshire, against which time *Jack of Newberie* cloathed 30. tall fellows, being his household servants, in blew coates faced with Barcenet, every one having a good sword and buckler on his shoulder, himselfe in a plaine russet coat, a paire of white kerse braches, without welt or gird, and stockings of the same peece sewed to his shooes, which had a great row-peece, whereon he stuck his pins : who knowing the King would come over a certaine meadow, nere adjoining to the Towne, got himselfe thither with all his men; and repairing to a certaine Ant-hill, which was in the field, took up his seat there, causing his men to stand round about the same with their swords drawn.

The King, coming nere the place with the rest of his Nobilitie, and seeing them stand with their drawne weapons, went to know the cause. Garret King at Armes was the Messenger, who spake in this sort: Good fellow, the Kings Majestie would know to what end you stand here with swords and bucklers prepared to fight. With that *Jack of Newberie* started up, and made this answer. Herald (quoth he) returne to his Highnesse, it is poore *Jack of Newberie*, who being scant Parquell of a mole hill, is chosen Prince of Ants, and here I stand with my weapons and Guard about mee to defend and keep these my poore and painfull subjects from the force of the idle Butterflies, their sworne enemies, lest they should disturb this quiet Common-wealth, who this Sommer season are making their winter provision.

The Messenger returning, told his Grace that it was one *Jack of Newberie* that stood there with his men about him, to guard (as they say) a company of Ants, from the furious wrath of the Prince of Butterflies. With this news the King heartily laught, saying: Indeed it is no marvell he stand so well prepared

of Jacke of Newberie.

pared, considering what a terrible tyrant hee hath to deale withall. Certainly my Lords (quoth he) this seemes to be a pleasant fellowe, and therefore we will send to talke with him.

The Messenger being sent, told Jack he must come speak with the King. Quoth he, his Grace hath a horse, and I am on foot, therefore will him to come to me: beside that, while I am away, our enemies might come and put my people in hazard, as the Scots did England while our King was in France. How dares the Lamb be so bold with the Lyon, quoth the Herald: Why, quoth he, if there be a Lyon in the field, here is never a Cocke to feare him: and tell his Majestie hee might thinke me a very bad Governour that would walke aside upon pleasure, & leave my people in perill. Herald (quoth he) it is written, He that hath a charge must looke to it, and so tell thy Lord my King. The message being done, the King said: My Lords, seeing it will be no other, we will ride up to the Emperour of Ants, that is so carefull in his goverment. At the Kings approach, Jack of Newberie & his servants put up all their weapons, & with a joyfull cry flung up their caps in token of victorie. Why how now my masters (quoth the King) is your wars ended? Let mee see where is the Lord Generall of this great Camp: With that, Jack of Newberie with all his servants fell on their knees, saying: God save the King of England, whose sight hath put my foes to flight and brought great peace to the poore labouring people. Trust me (quoth our King) here be prettie fellowes to fight against Butterflies: I must commend your courage that dares withstand such mightie gyants. How dread Soberaigne (quoth Jack) not long agoe, in my conceit, I saw the most provident Nation of the Ants summoned their chiefe Weres to a Parliament, which was held in the famous Citie Dry Dusty, the one and thirtieth day of September: where as, by their wisdomes I was chosen their King; at what time also many bills of complaint were brought in against divers ill members in the Common-wealth: among whom the Pole was attainted of high treason to their state, and therefore was banished for ever from their quiet Kingdome: so was the Great

The pleasant Historie

hopper and the Catterpillar, because they were not only idle, but also liued upon the labours of other men : amongst the rest, the Butterflie was very much misliked, but seto durst say any thing to him, because of his golden apparell : who through sufferance grew so ambitious and malapert, that the pooze Ant could no sooner get an egge into her nest, but hee would haue it away, and especially against Easter, which at length was misliked. This painted Asse toke snuffe in the nose, and assembled a great many other of his owne coat, by windie warres to roote these painefull people out of the land, that he himselfe might be seated aboue them all. (These were proud Butterflies, quoth the King.) Whereupon I with my men (quoth Jack) prepared our selues to withstand them, till such time as your Majesties royall presence put them to flight.

Lush (said the King) thou must thinke that the force of flies is not great. No: withstanding (quoth Jack) their gay golowes make pooze men afraid. I perceiue (quoth Cardinall Wolsey) that you being king of Ants, doe carry a great grudge to the Butterflies. I quoth Jack, we be as great foes, as the Fore and the Snake are friends : for the one of them being subtille, lobes the other for his craft : but now I intend to be no longer a Prince, because the maiestie of a King hath eclipsed my glory : so that looking like the Peacock on my black feet, makes me abase my vaine glorious feathers, and humbly I yeeld unto his Majestie all my soberaigne rule and dignitie, both of life and goods, casting my weapons at his feet, to doe any service wherein his Grace shall command me. God a mercy good Jack (quoth the King) I haue often heard of thee, and this morning I meane to visit thy house.

Thus the King with great delight rode along untill hee came to the townes end, where a great multitude of people attended to see his Majestie : where also Duseene Katharine with all her traine met him. Thus with great rejoycing of the Commons, the King and Queen passed along to this jolly Clothiers house, where the good wife of the house with threescore maidens attending on her, presented the king with

of Jacke of Newberie.

a Beehive, most richly gilt with gold, and all the Bees there, in were also gold curiously made by Art, and out of the top of the same Hive sprung a flourishing graine tree, which bore golden Apples, and at the root thereof lay divers Serpents, seeking to destroy it, whom Prudence and Fortitude trote under their feet, holding this inscription in their hands:

Loe here presented to your Royall sight,
The figure of a flourishing Common-wealth:
Where vertuous subjects labour with delight,
And beat the drones to death which live by stealth.
Ambition, envie, treason, loathsome serpents be,
Which seeke the downefall of this fruitfull tree.

But Lady Prudence with deep searching eie,
Their ill intended purpose doth prevent:
And noble Fortitude standing alwaies nie,
Disperst their power prepar'd with bad intent.
Thus they are foild that mount by meanes unmeet,
And so like slaves are troden under feet.

The King favourably accepted this Embleme; and receiving it at the womans hands, willed Cardinall Wolsey to look thereon, commanding it should be sent to Windsor Castle. This Cardinall was at that time Lord Chancellor of England, and a wonderfull proud Prelate, by whose meanes great variance was set betwixt the King of England and the French King, the Emperour of Almanie, and divers other Princes of Christendome, whereby the trafficke of those Merchants was utterly forbidden, which bred a generall woe through England, especially among Clothiers: insomuch that having no sale for their cloth, they were faine to put away many of their people which wrought for them, as hereafter more at large shall be declared.

Then was his Majestic brought into a great Hall, where foure long Tables stood readie covered: and passing through that place, the King and Queene came unto a faire and large Parlour hung about with goodly Tapistrie, where was a
Table

The pleasant Historie

Table prepared for his Highnesse and the Quenes Grace. All the flooze where the King late was covered with broad clothes in stead of green rushes : these were choise peeces of the finest wooll, of an Azure colour, valued at an hundred pound a cloath, which afterward was giben to his Majestie. The King being set, with the chiefeest of his Councell about him, after a delicate dinner, a sumptuous Banquet was brought in, serbed all in glasss : the discription whereof were too long for me to wyffe, and you to read. The great Hall was also filled with Lozds, Knights, and Gentlemen, who were attended by no other but the servants of the house. The Ladies of honour & Gentlewomen of the Court were all seated in another Parlour by themselves : at whose table the Pages of the house did waite in decent sort. The Serving-men by themselves, & the Pages & Footemen by themselves, upon whom the Prentizes did attend most diligently. During the Kings abiding in this place, there was no want of delicates : Rhenish wine, Claret wine, and Sack, was as plentifull as small Ale. Then from the highest to the lowest, they were serbed in such sort, as no discontent was found any way, so that great commendations rebounded unto the Good man of the house. The L. Cardinall that of late found himselfe gall'd by the Allegorie of the Ants, spake in this wise to the King. If it should please your Highnesse (quoth he) but to note the vaine glorie of these Artificers, you should find no small cause of dislike in many of their actions. For an instance, The fellow of this house, he hath not stucke this day to undoe himselfe, onely to become famous by receibing of your Majestie : like Herostratus the Whomaker, that burned the Temple of Diana, only to get himselfe a name, more than for any affection he beares to your Grace ; as may well be proved by this : Let there be but a simple Subsidie leibed upon them for the assistance of your Highnesse Warres, or any other weightie affaires of the Common-wealth and state of the Realme, though it be not the twentieth part of their substance, they will so grudge and repine, that it is wonderfull, and like people desperate cry out, they be quite undone.

of Jacke of Newberie.

undone. My Lord Cardinall, quoth the Quene, (under correction of my Lord the King) I durst lay an hundred pound Jack of Newberie was never of that trade, nor is not at this instant: if yee aske him, I warrant he will say so. My selfe also had a proofe thereof at the Scottish invasion, at what time this man, being sealed but at five men, brought (at his owne cost) an hundred and fiftie into the field. I would I had moe such subjects said the King, and many of so good a minde. Ho, ho, Harry (quoth Will Sommers) then had not Empson and Dudley been chronicled for knaves, nor sent to the Tower for treason. But when they had not knowen the paine of imprisonment, quoth our King, who with their subtiltie grieved many others. But their subtilties was such that it brake their necks, quoth Will Sommers. Whereat the King and Quen laughing heartily, rose from the Table. By which time Jack of Newberie had caused all his folkes to goe to their worke, that his Grace and all the Nobilitie might see it; so indeed the Quene had requested. Then came his Highnesse where he saw an hundred Loomes standing in one rowe, and two men working in every one, who pleasantly sung in this sort.

The Weavers Song.

When *Hercules* did use to spin,
and *Pallas* wrought upon the Loom,
Our Trade to flourish did begin,
while Conscience went not selling Broome.
Then love and friendship did agree,
To keepe the band of amitie.

When Princes sonnes kept sheep in field,
and Queenes made cakes of wheaten flower,
Then men to lucre did not yeeld,
which brought good cheere in everie bower.
Then love and friendship did agree,
To hold the bands of amitie.

But when that Giants huge and hie,
did fight with speares like Weavers beames,
F Then

The pleasant Historie

Then they in Iron beds did lie,
and brought poore men to hard extreames :
Yet love and friendship did agree,
To hold the bands of amitie.

Then *David* tooke his Sling and stone,
not fearing great *Goliaths* strength :
He pearc't his braines and broke the bone,
though he were fiftie foot of length.
For love and friendship, &c.

But while the Greekes besieged *Troy*,
Penelope apace did spin,
And Weavers wrought with mickle joy,
though little gaines were comming in.
For love and friendship, &c.

Had *Helen* then sare carding wooll,
(whose beauteous face did breed such strife)
Shée had not beene sir *Paris* trull,
nor caus'd so many lose their life.
Yet we by love did still agree, &c.

Or had King *Priams* womon sonne,
beene making quilts with sweet content,
He had not then his friends undone,
when he to *Greece* a gadding went.
For love and friendship did agree, &c.

The Cedar trees indure more stormes,
than little shrubs that sprout on hie :
The Weavers live more voyd of harmes,
Than Princes of great dignitie.
While love and friendship did agree, &c.

The shepheard sitting in the field,
doth tune his pipe with hearts delight :
When Princes watch with speare and shield,
the poore man soundly sleepest all night.
While love and friendship did agree, &c.

Yet

of Jack of Newberie.

Yet this by prooffe is daily tride,
for Gods good gifts we are ingrate:
And no man through the World so wide,
lives well contented with his state.
No love and friendship we can see,
To hold the bands of amitie.

Well song good fellows, said our King, Light hearts and merrie minds live long without gray haire. But (quoth Will Sommers) seldeome without red noses. Well, said the King, there is a hundred angels to make good chere withall: & looke that every yere once you make a feast among your se- ves, and frankly (every yere) I gibe you leave to fetch foure Bucks out of Dunington Parke, without any mans let or contoule- ment. And I beseech your Grace (quoth Will Sommers) let it be with a condition. What is that, said our King? My Liege, quoth he, that although the Keeper will have the skins, that they may give their wives the hozies. So to, said the Queen, thy head is fuller of knavery, than thy purse is of crotones.

The poore workmen humbly thanked his Majestie for his bountifull liberalitie: and ever since it hath bene a cus- tome among the Weavers, every yere presently after Bar- tholmewtide, in remembrance of the Kings favour to meet together and make a merrie feast. His Majestie came next among the spinners and carders, who were merrily a wo- king: whereat Will Summers fell into a great laughter. What ayles the soles to laugh, said the King? Marrie (quoth Will Summers) to see these maidens get their living, as buls doe eat their meat. How is that, said the Quene? By going still backward, quoth Will Summers: and I will lay a wager, that they that practise so well being maids to goe backward, will quickly learne ere long to fall backward.

But Sirra, said the Cardinall, thou dost fall forward when thou brokest thy face in master Kings smiles cellar. But you my Lord sate forward (quoth Will Summers) when you sate in the stocks at Sir Amias Paulers. Whereat there was greater laughing than before. The King and Quene and all the

The pleahant Historie

Robilltie heedfully beheld these *Womien*, who for the most part were very faire and comely creatures, and were all attired alike from top to toe. Then (after due reverence) the *Maidens* in dulcet manner chanted out this song, two of them singing the *Dittie*, and all the rest bearing the burden,

The Maidens SONG.

IT was a Kinght in *Scotland* borne,
follow my love, come over the strand:
Was taken prisoner and left forlorne,
even by the good Earle of *Northumberland*.
Then was he cast in prison strong,
follow my love, come over the strand:
Where he could not walke, nor lie along,
even by the good Earle of *Northumberland*.
And as in sorrow thus he lay,
follow my love, come over the strand:
The Earles sweet Daughter walkt that way,
and she the faire flower of *Northumberland*.
And passing by like an Angell bright,
follow my love, come over the strand:
This prisoner had of her a fight,
and she the faire flower of *Northumberland*.
And loud to her this Knight did crie,
follow my love, come over the strand:
The salt teares standing in his eye,
and she the faire flower *Northumberland*.
Faire Lady he said, take pittie on me,
follow my love, come over the strand:
And let me not in prison die,
and you the faire flower of *Northumberland*.
Faire Sir how should I take pittie on thee,
follow my love, come over the strand:
Thou being a foe to our Countrey,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland*?

Faire

of Jacke of Newberie.

Faire Lady I am no foe he said,
follow my love, come over the strand:
Through thy sweet love here was I staid,
for thee the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

Why shouldst thou come here for love of me,
follow my love, come over the strand:
Having wife and Children in thy Countrie,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland*?

I sweare by the blessed Trinitie,
follow my love, come over the strand:
I have no wife nor children I,
nor dwelling at home in merrie *Scotland*.

If curteously you will set me free,
follow my love, come over the strand:
I vow that I will marrie thee,
so soone as I come in faire *Scotland*.

Thou shalt be a Lady of Castles and Towers,
follow my love, come over the strand,
And sit like a Queen in princely bowers,
when I am at home in faire *Scotland*.

Then parted hence this Lady gay,
follow my love, come over the strand:
And got her fathers ring away,
to helpe this sad Knight into faire *Scotland*.

Likewise much gold she got by sleight,
follow my love, come over the strand:
And all to helpe this forlor n Knight,
to wend from her father to faire *Scotland*.

Two gallant steeds both good and able,
follow my love, come over the strand:
She likewise rooke out of the stable,
to ride with this Knight into faire *Scotland*.

And to the Jaylor she sent this ring,
follow my love, come over the strand:

The plealant Hiltorie

The Knight from prison forth to bring,
to wend with her into faire *Scotland*.

This token set the prisoner free,
follow my love, come over the strand :
Who straight went to this faire Lady,
to wend with her into faire *Scotland*;

A gallant steed he did bestride,
follow my love, come over the strand :
And with the Lady away did ride,
and she the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

They rode till they came to a water cleare,
follow my love, come over the strand :
Good sir how should I follow you here,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

The water is rough and wonderfull deepe,
follow my love, come over the strand :
And on my saddle I shall not keepe,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

Feare not the foord faire Lady, quoth he,
follow my love, come over the strand :
For long I cannot stay for thee,
and thou the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

The Lady prickt her wanton steed,
follow my love, come over the strand :
And over the River swom with speed,
and she the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

From top to toe all wet was shee,
follow my love, come over the strand :
This have I done for love of thee,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

Thus rode she all one winters night,
follow my love, come over the strand :
Till *Edenborow* they saw in sight,
the chiefest towne in all *Scotland*.

Now

of Jacke of Newberie.

Now chuse (quoth he) thou wanton flower,
follow my love, come over the strand:
Where thou wilt be my paramour,
or get thee home to *Northumberland*.

For I have wife and children five,
follow my love, come over the strand:
In *Edenberow* they be alive,
then get thee home to faire *England*.

This favour shalt thou have to boot,
follow my love, come over the strand:
He have thy horse, goe thou on foot,
goe get thee home at *Northumberland*.

O false and faithlesse Knight, quoth she,
follow my love, come over the strand:
And canst thou deale so bad with me,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland*?

Dishonour not a Ladies name,
follow my love, come over the strand:
But draw thy sword and end my shame,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

He tooke her from her stately steed,
follow my love, come over the strand:
And left her there in extreme need,
and she the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

Then sate she downe full heavily,
follow my love, come over the strand:
At length two Knights cameriding by,
two gallant Knights of faire *England*,
She fell downe humbly on her knee,
follow my love, come over the strand:
Saying, courteous Knights take pitie on me,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

I have offended my father deere,
follow my love, come over the strand:

And

The pleasant Historie

And by a false Knight that brought me here,
from the good Earle of *Northumberland*.

They tooke her up behind them then,
follow my love, come over the strand:
And brought her to her fathers againe,
and he the good Earle of *Northumberland*:

All you faire maidens be warned by me,
follow my love, come over the strand:
Scots were never true, nor never will be,
to Lord, nor Lady, nor faire *England*.

After the Kings Majesty and the Queen had heard this song sweetly sung by them, he cast them a great reward: and so departing thence, went to the *Falling-mills*, and *Dyr-house*, where a great many were also hard at work: and his Majesty perceyving that a great number of people were by this one man set on work, both admired, & commended him: saying farther, that no Trade in all the Land was so much to be cherished and maintained as this, which, quoth he, may well be called, *The life of the poore*. And as the King returned from this place with intent to take horse & depart, there met him a great many of children in garments of white silke, fringed with gold, their heads crowned with golden Bases, and about their armes each one had a scarfe of green sarsenet fast tied, in their hands they bore silver bowes, and under their girdles golden arrowes.

The foremost of them represented *Diana*, Goddess of Chastity, who was attended on by a traine of beautiful Nymphes, and they presented to the King foure prisoners: The first was a sterne and grisly woman, carrying a crowning countenance, and her forehead full of wrinkles, her haire as black as pitch, and her garments all bloody, a great sword she had in her hand all stained with purple gore: they called her name *Bellona*, Goddess of warres, who had three daughters: the first of them was a tall woman, so leane and ill-faboured, that her cheeke bones were ready to start out of the skinn,

of Jacke of Newberie.

skin, of a pale and deadly colour; her eyes sunke in her head; her legs so feeble, that they could scantly carry her body; all along her armes was haire through the skin you might tell the sinewes, ioynts and bones; her teeth were very strong and sharp withall: she was so greedy, that she was ready with her teeth to teare the skin from her owne armes: her attire was black, and all torne, and ragged; she went bare-footed, and her name was Famine. The second was a strong and lusty woman, with a looke pitlesse, and unmercifull countenance: her garments were all made of Iron and Steele, and she carried in her hand a naked weapon, and she was called the Sword. The third was also a cruell creature, her eyes did sparkle like burning coales, her haire was like a flame, and her garments like burning brasse: she was so hot, that none could stand nere to her, and they called her name Fire.

After this they retired againe, and brought unto his Highnesse two other Personages, their countenance was Princely & amiable, their attire most rich & sumptuous: the one carried in his hand a golden Trumpet, & the other a Palme tree: and these were called Fame & Victorie, whom the Goddesse of Chastity charged to wait upon this famous Prince forever. This done, each child after other with due reverence, gave unto his Majesty a sweet smelling Cilli-flower, after the manner of the Persians, offering something in token of loyalty and obedience. The King and Queen beholding the sweet favour and countenance of these children, demanded of Jack of Newberie whose children they were: Who answered: It shall please your Highnesse to understand, that these are the children of poore people, that do get their living by picking of wool, having scant a good meale once in a weeke. With that the King began to tell his Cilli-flowers, whereby he found that there was 96. children. Certainly, said the Queen, I perceiue God giues as faire children to the poore as to the rich, & fairer many times: and though their dyet and keeping be but simple, the blessing of God doth cherishe them. Therefore said the Prince, I will request to have two of them to waite in my Chamber. Faire Katharine said the King, thou and I have

The pleasant Historie

jump't in one opinion, thinking these children fitter for the
 Court than the countrey : whereupon he made choice of a
 dozen more : foure he ordained to be Pages to his royall per-
 son, and the rest he sent to Universties, allotting to every
 one a Gentlemans livery. Others of the Noble men did in
 like sort entertaine some of those children into their services,
 so that (in the end) not one was left to pick twoll, but were all
 so provided for, that their Parents never needed to care for
 them : & God so blessed them, that each of them came to be men
 of great account and authoritie in the land, whose posterities
 remaine to this day worshipfull & famous. The King, Queen,
 and Nobles being ready to depart, after great thanks and
 gifts given to Jack of Newberie, his Majestie would have
 made him knight, but he meekly refused it, saying, I beseech
 your Grace let me live a poore Clothier among my people, in
 whose maintenance I take more felicitie, than in all the vaine
 titles of Gentilitie : for these are the labouring Ants whom I
 take to defend, and these be the Bees which I keep : who la-
 boure in this life, not for our selves, but for the glory of God, &
 to doe service to our dread Sovereigne. My knightshood need-
 be no hindrance of thy facultie, quoth the King. O my dread
 Sovereigne said Jack, honour and worship may be compa-
 red to the Lake of Lethe, which makes men forget them-
 selves, that taste thereof : and so the end I may still keepe in
 minde from when I came, and what I am : I beseech your
 Grace let mee rest in my russet coat a poore Clothier to my
 dying day. Seeing then (said the King) that a mans minde
 is a Kingdome to himselfe, I will leave thee to the riches of
 thy owne content, and so farewell. The Quenes Majestie
 taking her leave of the good Wife with a princely kisse, gave
 her in token of remembrance a most precious and rich Dia-
 mond set in gold, about the which was also curiously set six
 Rubies, and six Emeralds in one peece, valued at nine hun-
 dred Markes : and so her grace departed. But in this meane
 space Will Sommers kept company among the Pages, and
 betooke himselfe to spinning as they did, which among them
 was held as a soyle (of a gallon of wine : but William by no
 means

of Jack of Newberie.

meanes would pay it, except they would take it out in kisses, eating every kisse at a farthing. This payment we refuse for two causes: quoth the Maids: the one, for that we esteeme not kisses at so base a rate: and the other, because in so doing we should give as much as you.

CHAP. IV.

How the Maidens served *Will Sommers* for his sawnesse.

The Maidens consented together, taking *Will Sommers* was so wilde both with their worke and in his words, and would not pay his forfeiture, to serve him as he served: first therefore they bound him hand and foot, and set him upright against a post, tying him thereto, which hee took in ill part: notwithstanding he could not resist them: and because hee let his tongue runne at randomie, they set a satire gagge in his mouth, such a one as he could not for his life put aspey: so that he stood as one gaping for winde. Then one of them got a couple of dogs droppings, and putting them in a bagge laid them in soke in a bason of water, while the rest turned dozing the roller of his Jerkin, and put an *Wass* cloth about his neck in stead of a fine towell: then came the other maide with a bason and water in the same, and with the perfume in the pudding bagge, flapt him about the face and lips, till he smelt like a stonie Horse, and with her hand waht him very speedily. The smell being somewhat strong, *Will* could by no meanes abide it, and for want of other language, cryed Ah ha ha ha. For as much as he would have spet, and could not, so that he was faine to swallowe downe such liquor as hee never tasted the like. When he had a prettyle while beinge washed in this sort, at the length he croucht downe upon his knees, yielding himselfe to their favour: which the maidens perceiving, pulled the gag out of his mouth. He had no sooner the libertie of his tongue, but that hee curs and swore like a diuell. The maids that could scant stand for laughing, at last askt how he liked his washing: Gods ownds, quoth hee, I was never thus waht, nor ever met with such Barberes since I was boyne: let me goe, quoth he, and I will give you

The pleasant Historie

whatsoever you will demand; wherewith he cast them an English Crowne. Say, quoth one of the Swains, you are yet but wast, but we will have you ere you go. Sweet Swains, quoth he, pardon my swabing, let it suffice that you have wast me: if I have done a trespass to your Trade, forgive it me, and I will never hereafter offend you. Truly, said the Swains, you have made our woeles cast their hands, and bruised the teeth of our Cards in such sort, as the offence may not be remitted without great penance. As for your gold, we regard it not: therefore as you are perswaded fit for the dogs, so we enioyne you this night to serue all our hogs: which penance if you will sweare with all speed to performe, we will let you loose. And quoth Will, the huge Elephant was never more fearefull of the silly sheepe, than I am of your displeasures: therefore let me loose, and I will doe it with all diligence. Then they unbought him, and brought him to along a great company of Swine, which when Will had well viewed over, he made out of the yard all the Swins. Why, ho! now, quoth the Swains, what meanest thou by this? Marry, quoth Will, these be all Swins, and my penance is to witte serue the Hogs. As it true, quoth they: have you overtaken us in this sort? well, looke there be not one Hog unserued: wee would adde you. Will Sommers stript up his sleeves very orderly, & clapt an apron about his middle, and taking a pail, serued the Hogs handsomly. When he had given them all meat, he said thus:

My task is duely done,

My liberty is won,

The Hogs have eat their crabs,

Therefore farewell you drabs.

Say soft friend, quoth they, the veriest hog of all hath yet had nothing. Where the devil is he, said Will, that I see him not? Wrapt in a motley Jerkin, quoth they, take thy selfe by the nose, and thou shalt catch him by the snout. I was never so very a hog, quoth he, but I would alway spare from my own belly to give a woman. If thou do not (say they) eate (like the prodigall Child) with thy fellows hogs, we will so have thee, as thou shalt sorely repent thy disobedience. He seeing no

remedy,

of Jacke of Newberie.

remedy, committed himselfe to their mercy: and so they let him goe. When he came to the Court, he shewed to the King all his adventure among the weavers Patens, whereat the King and Queene laughed heartily.

CHAP. V.

Of the pictures which Jack of Newberie had in his house, whereby he encouraged his servants to seeke for fame and dignitie.

In a faire large Parlour which was wainscotted round about, Jack of Newberie had fifteen faire Pictures hanging, which were covered with Curtaines of graine silke, fringed with gold, which he would often shew to his friends and servants. In the first was the Picture of a Shepheard, before whom knelted a great King named Viriat, who sometime governed the people of Portugall. So here, quoth Jack, the father a Shepheard, the son a Soberaigne. This man ruled in Portugall, and made great wars against the Romans, & after that invaded Spaine, yet in the end was traiterously slaine.

The next was the Portraiture of Agathocles, which for his surpassing wisdoms & manhood, was created King of Sicilia, and maintained battell against the people of Carthage. His father was a poore Potter, before whom he also knelted. And it was the use of this King, that whensoever he made a banquet, he would have as well vessels of earth as of gold set upon the Table, to the intent he might alwaies beare in minde the place of his beginning, his fathers house and family.

The third was the picture of Iphicrates an Athenian boorne, who vanquished the Lacedemonians in plaine and open battell. This man was Captaine Generall to Artaxerxes, King of Persia, whose father was notwithstanding a Cobler, and there likewise painted. Eumenes was also a famous Captaine to Alexander the great, whose father was no other than a Carter.

The fourth was the similitude of Alus Pertinax, sometime Emperour of Rome, yet was his father but a Weaver: and afterward to give example to others of low condition

The pleasant Historie

to beare minds of worthy men, he caused the shop to be beautified with Marble curiously cut; wherein his father before him was wont to get his living.

The first was the picture of Dioclesian; that so much adorned Rome with his magnificall and triumphant victories. This was a most famous Emperour, although no other than the son of a Book-binder.

Valentinian stood the next, painted most artificially: who also was crowned Emperour, and was but the son of a poore Rope-maker, as in the same picture was expressed; where his father was painted by him using his trade.

The seventh was the Emperour Probus, whose father being a Gardener, was pictured by him holding a spade.

The eighth picture was of Marcus Aurelius, to whom every age honoureth: he was both a wise and prudent Emperour, and yet but a cloth-weavers sonne.

The ninth was the Portraiture of the valiant Emperour Maximinus, the son of a Black-smith, who was there painted as he was wont to worke at the Anvil.

In the tenth table was painted the Emperour Gaius, who at the first was but a poore shepheard.

Next to this picture was placed the pictures of two Popes of Rome, whose wisdom & learning advanced them to that dignitie. The first was the lively counterfeite of Pope John the twenty two, whose father was a Shoemaker: he being elected Pope, increased their rents and patrimonie greatly. The other was the picture of Pope Sextus, the fourth of that name, being a poore Parriners sonne.

The thirteenth picture was of Lamius, King of Lombardie, who was no better than the son of a common Scrum-pet; being painted like a naked child walking in water, and taking hold of the point of a lance, by the which he hung fast, and saved himselfe. The reason whereof is this: After his lewd mother was delivered of him, he unnaturally threw him into a deepe stinking ditch, wherein was some water. By hap, King Agilmond passed that way, and found this child almost drowned, who moving him somewhat with the point
of

of Jacke of Newberie.

of his launce, better he perceiue what he was, the child (though newly borne) tooke hold thereof with one of his pretty hands, not suffering it to slide or slip away againe: which thing the prince considering, being amazed at the strange force of this young little infant, caused it to bee taken up, and carefully to be fostered; and because the place where he found it was called Lama, he named the child Lamusius: who after grew to be so brave a man, and so much honoured of Fortune, that in the end he was crowned King of the Lombards, who liued there in honour, and in succession after him, euen unto the time of the unfortunate King Albovina, when all came to ruine, subversion and destruction.

In the fourteenth picture, Brimillas King of Bohemia was most artificially dytome, before whom there stood an horse without hidle or saddle, in a field where husbandmen were at plough. The cause why this King was thus painted (quoth Jacke) was this: At that time the King of the Bohemians died without issue, and great strife being among the Nobilitie for a new King, at length they all consented that a horse should be let into the field, without hidle or saddle, having all determined with a most assured purpose to make him their King, before whom this horse rested: At what time it came to passe, that the horse first stayed himselfe before this Brimillas, being a simple creature, who then was busie dytoming the plough: they presently made him their Sovereigne, who ordered himselfe and his Kingdome very wisely. He ordained many good Lawes, he compassed the Citie of Prague with strong walls, besides many other things, meriting perpetuall laud and commendations.

The fiftenth was the picture of Theophrastus, a Philosopher, a counsellor of Kings, & companion of Publics, who was but sonne of a Taylor. Seeing then my good servants, that these men have bene advanced to high estate and Princely dignities, by wisdome, learning, and diligence, I would wish you to imitate the like vertues, that you might attaine the like honors: for which of you doth know what good fortune God hath in store for you: there is none of you so poorely borne,

The pleasant Historie

borne, but that men of baser birth have come to great honours: the idle hand shall ever goe in a ragged garment, and the sloathfull live in reproach: but such as doe lead a vertuous life, and governe themselves discretly, shall of the best bee esteemed, and spend their dayes in credit.

CHAP. VI.

How all the Clothiers in England joyned together, and with one consent complained to the King of their great hindrance sustained for want of traffick into other Countreies, whereupon they could get no sale for their cloath.

By meanes of the warres our King had with other countreies, many Merchant strangers were prohibited for coming to England, and also our owne Merchants (in like sort) were forbidden to have dealing with France, or the Low Countreies: by meanes whereof, the Clothiers had most of their cloth lying on their hands, and that which they sold was at so low a rate, that the money scarce paid for the twoll and workmanship. Whereupon they thought to ease themselves by abating the poore workmens wages: and when that did not prevaile, they turn'd away their people, Weavers, Shearmen, Spinners, & Carders: so that where there was a hundred loomes kept in one towne, there was scant 50. and he that kept twentie, put but one ten. Many a poore man (for want of worke) was here by undone, with his wife and children, and it made many a poore widdow to sit with an hungry belly. This bred great rage in most places in England. In the end Jack of Newberie intended (in the behalte of the poore) to make a supplication to the King: and to the end he might doe it the more effectually, he sent Letters to all the chiefe clothing townes in England to this effect.

The Letter.

We beloved friends and brethren, having a talke of the generall grieve, and feeling (in some measure) the extreme of these times, I fell into consideration by what means we might best expell these sorowes, and recover our

of Jacke of Newberie.

our former commoditie. When I had well thought thereon, I found that nothing was moze needful herein than a faithfull untill among our selves. This soze of necessitie can no way be cured but by concord: for like as the flame consumes the candle, so men through discord waste themselves. The poze hate the rich, because they will not let them on worke: and the rich hate the poze, because they seeme burdenous: so both are offended for want of gaine. When Belinus and Brennus were at strife, the Quēn their mother in their greatest furie perswaded them to peace, by urging her conception of them in one wombe, and mutuall cherishing of them from their tender yeres: so let our Art of clothing, which like a kind mother hath cherished us with the excellencie of her secrets, perswade us to an untill. Though our occupation be decayed, let us not deale with it as men doe by their old shoes, which after they have long bozne them out of the mire, doe in the end sling them on the dung-hill: or as the husbandman doth by his Bees, who for their honey burnes them. Deare friends, consider that our Trade will maintaine us, if we will uphold it, & there is nothing base, but that which is basely used. Assemble therefore your selves together, and in every Towne tell the number of those that have their living by meanes of this trade: note it in a Bill, & send it to me. And because suits in Courts are like winter-nights, long and wearisome, let there be in each place a weekly collection made to defray charges: for I tell you, Noble mens Secretaries & cunning Lawyers have slow tongues and deafe ears: which must daily be anointed with the sweet oyle of Angels. Then let two honest discret men be chosen, and sent out of every Towne to meet me at Black-well Hall in London, on All-Saints Eve, and then we will present our humble petition to the King: Thus I bid you heartily farewell.

Copies of this Letter being sealed, they were sent to all the clothing Townes of England, and the Weavers both of Linnen and Wollen gladly received them: so that when all the Bills were brought together, there were found of the Clothiers, and those they maintained, threescore thousand and

The pleasant Historie

Are hundred persons. Moreover, every clothing Towne sending up two men to London, they were found to bee an hundred and twelue persons, who in very humble sort fell downe before his Majestie, walking in S. James his parke, and delivered unto him their petition. The King presently perusing it, asked if they were all Clothiers? who answered (as it were one man) in this sort: We are (most gracious King) all poore Clothiers, and your Majesties faithfull subjects. My Lords quoth the King, let these mens complaint be thoroughly lookt unto, and their grieve redressed, for I account them in the number of the best Common-wealths men. As the Clergie for the soule, the Souldier for defence of his Countre, the Lawyer to execute justice, the husbandman to feed the belly: So is the skillfull Clothier no lesse necessarie for the clothing of the backe, whom we may reckon among the chiefe Peomen of our Land: and as the Crysell sight of the eye is tenderly to be kept from harmes, because it gives to the whole bodie light; so is the Clothier, whose cunning hand provides garments to defend our naked parts from the Winters nipping frost. Many more reasons there are which may move us to redresse their griefs, but let it suffice that I command to have it done. With that his Grace delivered the Petition to the Lord Chancellor: and all the Clothiers cryed, God save the King. When as the King was ready to depart, he suddenly turned about, saying, I remember there is one Jack of Newberie, I muse he had not his hand in this businesse, who profess himselfe to be a defender of true labourers. Then said the Duke of Sommerfet: It may be his purste is answerable for his person. May (quoth the Lord Cardinall) all his treasure is litle enough to maintaine warres against the Butterflies. With that Jack shewed himselfe unto the King, and privately told his Grace of their griefe and so. To whom his Majestie said: Give thy attendance at the Council Chamber, where thou shalt receive an answer to thy content. And so his highnesse departed. Finally, it was agreed that the Merchants should freely traffike one with another: and that proclamation thereof should be

of Jack of Newberie.

be made as well on the other side of the sea, as in our Land. But it was long before this was effected, by reason the Cardinall being Lord Chancellor, put off the matter from time to time. And because the Clothiers thought it best not to depart before it was ended, they gave their daily attendance at the Cardinals house: but spent many dayes to no purpose. Sometime they were answered, my Lord was busie, and could not be spoken withall: or else he was asleepe, and they durst not wake him: or at his studie, and they would not disturb him: or at his prayers, and they durst not displease him: and still one thing or other stood in the way to hinder them. At last, Patch the Cardinals sowe, being (by their often repaire thither) well acquainted with the Clothiers, came unto them and said, What, have you not spoken with my Lord yet? Potruely (quoth they) we heare say he is busie, and wee stay till his Grace be at leisure. Is it true, said Patch? and with that in all haste he went out of the hall, and at last came in againe with a great bundle of straw on his backe. Why how now Patch (quoth the Gentlemen) what wilt thou doe with that straw? Harry (quoth he) I will put it under these honest mens feet, lest they should freeze ere they find my Lord at leisure. This made them all to laugh: & they caused Patch to carrie away his straw again. Wel, wel (quoth he) if it cost you a groats worth of saggots at night, blame not me. Trust me (said Jack of Newberie) if my Lord Cardinals Father had been no hastier in killing of Calbes than he is in dispatching of poore mens suites, I doubt he had never knowne a Pyter. This he spake betwixt themselves softly, but yet not so softly but that he was overheard by a flattering fellow that stood by, who made it known to some of the Gentlemen, and they straight certified the Cardinall thereof.

The Cardinall (who was of a very high spirit, and loftie aspiring minde) was marvellously displeased at Jacke of Newberie: wherefoze in his rage he commanded and sent the Clothiers all to prison, because the one of them should not sue for the others releasement. Foure daies lay these men in the Marshalsey, till at last they made their humble

The pleasant Historie

Petition to the King for their release: but some of the Cardinals friends kept it from the Kings sight. Notwithstanding the Duke of Sommerfet knowing thereof, spake with the Lord Cardinall about the matter, wishing he should speedily release them, lest it bred him some displeasure: for you may perceiue (quoth the Duke) how highly the King esteemes men of that facultie. Sir (quoth the Cardinall) I doubt not but to answer their imprisonment well enough, being perswaded that none would haue giuen me such a quip but an hereticke: and I dare warrant you, were this Jack of Newberie well examined, he would be found to be infected with Luthers spirit, against whom our King hath of late written a most learned booke: in respect whereof the Pops holinesse hath entituled his Majestie, Defender of the Faith: therefore I tell you, such fellows are fitter to be faggots for fire, than fathers of families: notwithstanding (at your Graces request) I will release them. Accordingly the Cardinall sent for the Clothiers before him to White-hall, his new built house by Westminster, and there bestowing his blessing upon them, said: Though you haue offended mee I pardon you: for as Steven forgave his enemies that stoned him, and our Saviour those sinfull men that crucified him, so doe I forgive you that high trespass committed in disgrace of my birth: for herein doe men come nearest unto God, in shewing mercy and compassion. But see hereafter you offend no more. Touching your suite it is granted, and to morrow shall be published through London. This being said, they departed: and according to the Cardinals words, their businesse was ended. The Stilliard merchants joyfull thereof, made the Clothiers a great banquet. After which each man departed home, carrying tidings of their good successe: so that in short space, Clothing againe was very good, and poore men as well set on worke as before.

CHAP. VII.

How a young Italian Merchant comming to *Jack* of *Newberies* house, was greatly enamoured of one of his Maidens, and how he was served.

Among other servants which *Jack* of *Newberie* kept, there was in his house threescore Maidens, which every Sunday waited on his Wife to Church & home againe, who had others Offices. Among other, two were appointed to keepe the beames and waights, to waigh out wooll to the Carders and Spinners, and to receiue it in againe by waight: one of them was a comely Maiden, faire & lovely, boyme of wealthy Parents, & brought up in good qualities, her name was *Jone*. So it was that a young wealthy Italian Merchant, comming oft from London thither to bargain for cloth (for at that time clothiers most commonly had their cloth bespoke, and halfe paid for aforesaid.) This Master *Benedick* fell greatly enamoured of this Maiden, & therefore offered much curtesie to her, bestowing many gifts on her, which she receiued thankfully: & albeit his outward countenance shewed his inward affection, yet *Jone* would take no knowledge thereof. Halfe the day sometime would hee sit by her, as she was waighing wooll, often sighing and sobbing to himselfe, yet saying nothing, as if he had bene tonguelesse, like the men of *Coromande*; and the lother to speak, for that he could speak but bad English. *Jone* on the other side that well perceiued his passions, did as it were triumph over him, as one that were bondslave to her beauty; and although she knew well enough before that she was faire, yet did shee never so highly esteeme of her selfe as at this present: so that when she heard him either sigh, or sob, or grone, she would turne her face in a careless sort, as if shee had bene boyme (like the woman of *Taprobane*) without eares. When master *Benedick* sawe she made no reckoning of his sorowes, at length he blabbered out this broken English, and spake to her in this sort: *Mettressa Jone, be me tra and fa, me love you wod all mine heart, and if you no shall love me againe, me know me shall*

The pleasant Historie

die : sweet Mettressa love me; and by my fa and tra you shall lacke noting : First, me will give you de silke for make you a Frog, Second, de fin fin Camree for make you ruffles, & de turd shall be for make fin hankercher, for wipe your nose. *She* mistaking his speech began to bee cholerick, wishing him to keepe that bodkin to picke his teeth. Ho, ho Mettressa Jone (quoth he) be Got, you be angry. O Mettressa Jone be no chafe with your friene for noting. Good sir (quoth she) keep your friendship for them that care for it, and keepe your love on those that can like you : As for me, I tell you plaine, I am minded not to marrie. O tis no matter for marrie, if you will come in my chamber, beshit my bed, and let me kisse you. *The maide*, though she were very much displeased, yet at these words she could not forbear laughing for her like. Ah ah, Mettressa Jone, me be very glad to see you merrie, hold Mettressa Jone, hold your hand I say, and there is foure crownes because you laugh on me. I pray you Sir, keepe your crownes, for I need them not. *You* be Got you shall have them Mettressa Jone, to keep in pox for you, *She*, that could not well understand his broken language, mistooke his meaning in many things, and therefore wold him not to trouble her any more. Notwithstanding such was his love toward her, that he could not forbear her company, but made many journeyes thither for her sake : & as a certaine spring in Arcadia makes men to starbe that drinke of it : so did poxe Bennedick, feeding his sanctie on her beaultie : for when he was in London, he did nothing out sorrow, wishing he had wings like the monsters of Tartaria, that he might flie too & fro at his pleasure. When any of his friends did tell her of his ardent affection toward her, she wisht them to rub him with the sweat of a mule, to allwage his amorous passion, or to fetch him some water in Boetia, to cole and extinguisht the heat of his affection: for quoth she, let him never hope to be helpt by me. Well, quoth they, before he saw thy alluring face, hee was a man reasonable and wise, but is now a stark wole, being by thy beauty bereft of witt, as if he had drunk of the river Ces, & like bewitching Circes, thou hast certainly transformed him from a man to an Ase, There
are

of Jacke of Newberie.

are stones in Pompeus, quoth they, that the deeper they be laid in the water, the fiercer they burn: unto the which, sound Lovers may fitly be compared, who the more they are denied, the hotter is their desire: but seeing it is so, that he can find no favour at your hands, we will shew him what you have said, & either draw him from his dumps, or leave him to his owne will. Then spake one of the Weavers that dwelt in the Town, and was a kinsman to this maid. I muse (quoth he) that master Bennedick will not be perswaded, but like the spoth, will play with the flame till hee scorch his wings. Hee thinks he should so beare to love, or learn to speak, or else wooe such as can answer him in his owne language: for I tell you that Jone my kinswoman is no taffe for an Italian. These speeches were told to Bennedick with no small addition. When our young Merchant heard the matter so plain, he vowed to be revenged of the Weaver, and to see if he could find any more friendship of his wife: therefore dissembling his sorrow, and covering his griefe, with speed he toke his journey to Newberie, and pleasantly saluted Mistresse Jone; and having his purse full of crownes, he was very liberall to the workfolkes, especially to Jone's kinsman, in so much that he got his favour many times to goe forth with him, promising him very largely to doe great matters, and to lend him a hundred pound, wishing him to be a servant no longer: besides, he liberally bestowed on his wife many gifts, and if she waiste him but a band, hee would give her an angell: if he did but send her child for a quart of Wine, he would give him a shilling for his paines. The which his curtesie changed the Weavers minde, saying, he was a very honest Gentleman, and worthy to have one farre better than his kinswoman.

This pleased Master Bennedick well to heare them say so, notwithstanding he made light of the matter, and many times when the Weaver was at his masters at worke, the Merchant would be at home with his wife, drinking and making merrie. At length, time bringing acquaintance, and often conference breeding familiarity, master Bennedick began some what boldly to jest with Gillian, saying, that her
Eight

The pleasant Historie

sight and sweet countenance had quite reclaimed his love from Jone, and that she only was the mistress of his heart: and if she would lend him her love, he would give her gold from Arabia, orient pearls from India, and make her bracelets of precious diamonds. Thy garments shall be of the finest silk that is made in Venice: & thy purse shall still be full with angels. Tell me thy minde my love, and kill me not with unkindnesse, as did thy scornfull kinswoman, whose disoatne had almost cost me my life. O master Bennedick, thinke not the wives of England can be won by rewards, or intised with faire words, as children are with plums: it may be that you being merrily disposed, doe speake this to try my constancie. Know then that I esteeme more the honour of my good name, than the sliding wealth of the world. Master Bennedick hearing her say so, desired her, that considering it was love which forced his tongue to bewray his hearts affection, that yet she would be secret, and so for that time took his leave. When he was gone, the woman began to call her wits together, and to consider of her poore estate, and withall the better to note the comelinesse of her person, and the sweet labour of her face: which when she had well thought upon, she began to harbour new thoughts, and to entertaine conceits affections, saying: Shall I content my selfe to be swapt in sheeps rasset that may swim in silks, and sit all day carding for a groat, that may have crowns at my command? No, quoth she, I will no more beare so base a mind, but take fortunes labours while they are to be had. The sweet Rose doth flourish but one month, nor Womans beauties but in yong yeeres: as the winters frost consumes the Summers flowers, so doth old age banish pleasant delight. O glorious gold, quoth she, how sweet is thy smell: how pleasing is thy sight: Thou subduest Princes, and overthrowest Kingdomes, then how should a silly woman withstand thy strength: Thus she rested meditating on preferment, intending to hazard her honestie to maintaine her selfe in ybertye, even as traders corrupt their consciences to gather riches. Within a day or two, master Bennedick came to her againe, on whom she cast a smiling countenance.

of Iacke of Newberie.

He perceiving that; (according to his old custome) sent for
 Willine, and very merrie they were. At last in the midst of
 their cups he cast out his former question: and after farther
 conference she yielded, and appointed a time when he should
 come to her: for which favour he gave her halfe a dozen por-
 tiques: within an houre or two after, entring into her owne
 conscience, bethinking how sinfully she had sold her selfe to
 folly, she began thus to expostulate, Good Lord, quoth she, shall
 I haue that holy bow which I made in marriage, and pollute
 my body which the Lord hath sanctified: Can I breake the
 commandement of my God, and not rest accursed: or bee a
 traitor to my husband, and suffer no shame: I heard once my
 brother read in a booke, that Bucephalus Alexanders steed be-
 ing a beest, would not be bought by any but the Emperour, &
 shall I consent to any but my husband: Artemisia being a
 heathen Lady, loved her husband so well, that she drunk up
 his ashes, and buried him in her owne kirtlets: and should I,
 being a Christian, cast my husband out of my heart: The
 ingens of Rome were wont to Crown their husbands heads
 with bayes, in token of victory, and shall I give my husband
 home: in token of infamy: An harlot is hated of all vertuous
 people, and shall I make my selfe a whore: O my God for-
 geive my sin, quoth she, & cleanse my heart from these wicked
 imaginations. And as she thus was lamenting, her husband
 came home. At whose sight her teares were doubled, like a Ri-
 ver whose streame is increased by showers of raine. Her
 husband seeing this, would needs know the cause of her sor-
 row: but a great while she would not shew him, casting many
 a piteous look upon him, and shaking her head, at last she said;
 O my deare husband, I have sinned against God and thee,
 and made such a trespasse by my tongue, as hath cut a deepe
 scarre in my conscience, and wounded my heart with griefe
 like a sword: like Penelope so have I bene wooed, but like
 Penelope I have not answered. Why woman, quoth hee,
 what is the matter: If it be but the bare offence of the tongue
 why shouldst thou so grieve: considering that womens-
 tongues are like Lambs taples, which alwaies stand still:

The pleasant Historie

And the wise man saith, where much talke is, must needs be some offence. Womens beauties are faire marks for wandring eyes to shoot at : but as every Archer hits not the white, so every tower wins not his mistresse labour. All Cities that are besieged, are not sackt, nor all women to be mislik't that are loved. Thy wife : I am perswaded thy faith is more firme, & thy constancie greater to withstand lovers alarms, than that any other but my selfe should obtaine the fortreffe of thy heart. Sweet husband (quoth she) we see the strongest Tower at length falleth down by the Canons force, though the bullets be but Iron : then how can the weak Bulwark of a womans breast make resistance, when the hot Canons of deep perswading words are shot off with golden bullets, and every one as big as a Portigne? If it be so wise, I may think my selfe in a good case, and you to be a very honest woman. As Mars & Venus danc'd naked together in a net, so I doubt you and some knave have plaid naked together in a bed : but in faith you quean, I will send thee to salute thy friends without a nose, and as thou hast sold thy honesty, so will I sell thy companie. Sweet husband, though I have promised, I have performed nothing : every bargain is not effected. And therefore as Judas brought againe the thirtie silver plates, for the which he betrayed his Master : so repenting my folly, I recall him again his gold, for which I should have wronged my husband. Tell mee (quoth her husband) what he is. It is master Bennedick, quoth she : which for my love hath left the love of our kinswoman, and hath bowed himselfe for ever to kide my servant. Dissembling Italian, quoth he, I will be revenged on him for this wrong. I know that any sabour from Jone our kinswoman, will make him run like a man bitten with a mad dog : therefore be ruled by me, and thou shalt see me dress him in his kind. The woman was very well pleased, saying he would be there that night. All this works well with me, quoth her husband, and to supper will I invite Jone my kinswoman, and in the meane space make up the bed in the ParLOUR very decently. So the good man went forth, & got a sleapy drench from the Apothecaries, the which
he

of Jack of Newberie.

he gave to a young Soto which he had in his yard, and in the evening laid her down in the bed in the Parlour, drawing the curtaines round about. Supper time being come, master Bennedick gave his attendance, looking for no other company but the good wife: notwithstanding at the last mistress Jones came in with her kinsman, and late doctore to supper with them. Master Bennedick musing at their sudden approach, yet nevertheless glad of mistress Jones company, pass the supper time with many pleasant conceits, Jones shewing her selfe that night more pleasant in his company than at any time before: therefore he gave the good man great thanks. Good master Bennedick, little do you thinke how I have travelled in your behalfe to my kinswoman, and much adoe I had to bring the peevish wench into any good liking of your love: notwithstanding by my great diligence and persuasions, I did at length win her good will to come hither, little thinking to find you here, or any such good cheere to entertaine her, all which I see to fallen out for your profit. But trust me all the world cannot alter her mind, nor turne her love from you: In regard whereof she hath promised me to lie this night in my house, for the great desire she hath of your good company: and in requittall of all your great courtesies shewed to me, I am very well content to bring you to bed. Marrie this you must consider, and so she had me tell you, that you should come to bed with as little noise as you could, & tumble nothing that you find, for feare of her best gowne and her hat, which she will lay hard by the bed side, next her best partlet, and in so doing you may have company with her all night, but say nothing in any case till you be a bed. O quoth he, Maister Jan, bee Got Maister Jan, we will not spoile her clothes for a towmand pound, ah me love, Maister Jones more than my wife. Well, supper being done, they rose from the table. Master Bennedick embracing mistress Jones, thankd her for her great courtesie and company, and then the good man and he walke into the towne, and Jones hied her home to her masters, knowing nothing of the intended jest. Master Bennedick thought every houre

The pleasant Historie

thwaite till the sun was doونه, and that he were a bed with
 his beloved. At last he had his toly; and hence he came to his
 friends house. Then said John, master Bennedick you must
 not in any case have a candle when you goe into the chamber,
 for then my kinswoman will be angry, and darke places fit
 best Lovers desires. O Meire Jan, quoth he, tis no such mat-
 ter for light, me shall find Meire Jone well enough in de-
 darke. And entering in the parlour, groping about, he felt a
 gotone and hat. O Meire Jone (quoth he) here is your
 gowne and hat, me shall no hurt for a thousand pound. When
 kneeling doونه by the beds side, in stead of mistress Jone, he
 saluted the Solo in this sort. My love and my delight, it is
 thy faire face that hath wounded my heart, thy gray sparkling
 eyes, and thy lily white hands, with the comely proportion
 of thy pretty body, that made me in seeking thee to forget my
 self, and to find thy favour lost thy share freedoms: but now
 in the time come tober sin I shall reap the fruits of a plentiful
 harvest. Now, my deare, from thy sweet mouth let me sucke
 the very balme of thy breath, and with my hand stroke those
 those cheekes of thine, wherein I have took such pleasure.
 Come with thy prettie lips and entertaine me into thy bed
 with one gentle kisse (why speakest thou not my sweet heart?)
 and stretch out thy Alabaster armes to unfold thy faithfull
 friend. Why should ill pleasing steps close up the cryfall
 windowes of thy body so fast, and breache thee of thy fine
 bodily attendants, wherewith thou wast wont to salute thy
 friends: let it not offend thy gentle eares that I thus talke to
 thee. If thou hast vowed not to speak, I will not breake it:
 and if thou wilt command me to be silent, I will be dumbe:
 but thou needest not feare to speak thy mind, seeing the cloudy
 night concealeth every thing. By this time master Bennedick
 was unready, and slept into bed, where the Solo lay
 swathed in a sheet, and her head bound in a great linnen cloth.
 As soone as he was laid, he began to embrace his new bedfel-
 low, and laying his lips somewhat nere her snout, he felt her
 draw her breath very short. Why how now love (quoth he)
 bee you sicke? Meire Jone your breat bee very strong:

have

of Jacke of Newberie.

have you no cake a bed? *The Soto* taking her teise distur-
bed, beguiss to grunt and keepe a great scire: whereat master
Bennedick (like a mad man) ran out of bed, crying, de diuell,
de diuell. *The good man of the house* (being purposely pro-
vided) came rushing in with halfe a dozen of his neighbors,
asking what was the matter? Poh met (quoth Bennedick)
here be de great diuell, erichoh; hoh; hoh, be Gossen I tink
dee play the knave wid me; and mee will be revenged on
de. *Sot*, quoth he, I knowing you love mutton, thought youke
nothing nuff, and therefore provided you a whole Soto, and
as you like this entertainment, spend *Doitignes*. *Calands*,
walks, *Barkshire* makes will be no *Italians* *Crumpets*; nor
the wives of Newberie their bands. *Barkshire* dog (quoth
Bennedick) owlesface, shack, hangdon and dy veise, have
it not be for me love to sweet *Metre* *Jone*; I will no come
in your hous: but farewell eill I cash you, I shall make you
hog nose bud. *The good man* and his neighbors laughing
aloud, away went master Bennedick, and so very shame
departed from Newberie before day.

CHAP. VIII.

How *Jack* of *Newberie* keeping a very good house, both
for his servants and reliefe of the poore, won great credit
thereby, and how one of his wives Gossips found fault
therewith.

GOD preserve Gossip, now by my trulp I am glad to see
you in health: I pray you how doth *Master* *Winchcomb*?
What newe a great belly yet: now she, by my say your hus-
band is wast idle. Trust me Gossip, saith *mistresse* *Winch-*
comb, a great belly comes sooner than a newe coate, but you
must consider we have not bin long married: but trulp Gossip
you are welcome, I pray you sit downe, and we will have a
mossell of something by and by: nay trulp Gossip I cannot
stay, quoth she, indeed I must be gone: for I did but e den
step in to see how you did. You shall not chuse but stay a while,
quoth *mistresse* *Winchcomb*, and with that a faire napkin
was laid upon the little Table in the Parlour, hard by the fire

The pleasant Historie

side, wherean was set a fine col'd Capon; with a great beale
 of other good chere, with ale and wine plenty. I pray you
 Gossip eate, and I bethrow you if you spare, quoth the one: I
 thanke you heartily Gossip, saith the other. But heare you
 Gossip, I pray you tell me: doth your husband love you well, &
 make much of you? Yes truly I thank God, quoth she. Now
 by my truth saith the other, it were a shame for him if he should
 not: for though I say it before your face, though he had little
 with you, yet you were worthy to bee as good a mans wife as
 his. Trust me I would not change my John for my Lord
 Marquesse, quoth she: a woman can be but well, for I live at
 hearts ease, & have all things at will, & truly he will not see me
 lacke any thing. Gods blessing on his heart, quoth her Gossip,
 it is a good hearing: but I pray you tell me, I heard say your
 husband is chosen for our Burgesse in the Parliament house,
 is it true? Yes verily quoth his wife. I wis it is against his
 will; for it will be no small charges unto him. Tush woman,
 what talke you of that, thanks be to God, there is never a Gen-
 tleman in all Barkshire that is better able to beare it. W'it
 heare you Gossip, shall I bee so bold to aske you one question
 more: Yes, with all my heart, quoth she. I heard say that
 your husband would now put you in your hood, & silke gowne,
 I pray you is it true? Yes in truth, quoth mistresse Win-
 comb, but far against my mind Gossip: my french hood is
 bought already, and my silke gowne is a making: likewise
 the Goldsmith hath brought home my chaine and bracelets:
 but I assure you Gossip, if you will believe me, I had rather
 goe an hundred miles, than weare them: for I shall be so
 ashamed, that I shall not looke upon any of my neighbors for
 blushing. And why I pray you, quoth her Gossip? I tell you,
 deare Woman, you need not be any thing abashed or blush at
 the matter, especially seeing your husbands estate is able to
 maintaine it: now trust me truly, I am of opinion you will
 become it singular well. Alas, quoth mistresse Wincomb,
 having never bin used to such attire, I shall not know where
 I am, nor how to behaue my selfe in it: and beside, my com-
 plexion is so black, that I shall carrie but an ill favoured
 countenance

of Jacke of Newberie.

countenance under a hood. Now without doubt (quoth her Gossip) you are to blame to say so, beshrew my heart if I speak it to flatter, you are a very faire and well favored young woman as any is in Newberie. And never feare your behabour in your hood: for I tell you true, as old and withered as I am my selfe, I could become a hood well enough, and behabe my selfe as well in such attires as any other whatsoeber, and I would not learn of never a one of them all: what woman, I have bene a prettie wench in my daies, & sene some fashions. Therefore you need not feare, seeing both your beautie and comely personage deserves no lesse than a french hood: and be of good comfort. At the first (possibly) folkes will gaze something at you: but be not you abashed for that, it is better they should wonder at your good fortune, than lament at your miserie: but when they have sene you two or thre times in that attire, they will afterwarde little respect it: for every new thing at the first seems rare, but being once a little used, it growes common. Surely Gossip you say true (quoth she) and I am but a foole to be so bashfull: it is no shame to use Gods gifts for our credits: and well might my husband thinke me unworthy to have them, if I would not weare them: and though I say it, my hood is a faire one, as any woman weares in this Countrey, and my gold chaine and bracelets are none of the worst sort, and I will shew them you, because you shall give your opinion upon them: and therewithall shee kept into her chamber and fetcht them forth. When her Gossip saw them, she said: Now beshrew my fingers but these are faire ones in deed. And when doe you meane to weare them Gossip? At Whitsontide (quoth she) if God spare me life. I wish that well you may weare them, said her Gossip, and I would I were worthy to be with you when you vewe your selfe, it should be never the worse for you: I would order the matter so, that you should let every thing about you in such sort, as never a gentlewoman of them all should staine you. Mistress Winchcomb gave her great thanks for her labour, saying, that if she needed her help, she would be bold to send for her.

Then

The pleasant Historie

Then began her Gossyp to turn her tongue to another matter, and not to blame her for her great house keeping. And thus she began: Gossyp, you are but a young woman, and one that hath had no great experience of the world, in my opinion you are something too labile in expence: pardon me good Gossyp, I speak but for good will; and because I love you, I am the more bold to admonish you: I tell you plainly, were I the mistress of such a house, having such large allowance as you have, I would save twenty pound a yere that you spend to no purpose. Which way might that bee (quoth Distresse Winchcomb?) Indeed I confesse I am but a green housewife, and one that hath had but small trial in the world. therefore I should be very glad to learn any thing that were for my husbands profit, and my commodities. When I then to me, quoth she: You feed your folkes with the best of the Wike, and the finest of the wheat, which in my opinion is a great oversight: neither do I heare of any knight in this countie that doth it. And to say the truth, how were they able to beare that cost which they doe, if they saved it not by some means? Come thither, and I warrant you that you shall see but broken bread on the board: if it be wheat and rie mingled together, it is a great matter, and the bread highly commended: but most commonly they eate either barley bread, or rie mingled with pease, and such like coarse graine: which is doubtlesse but of small price, & there is no other bread allowed, except at their owne board. And in like manner for their meat, it is well known that necks and points of beefe is their ordinarie fare: which because it is commonly leane, they saith therewith now and then a peece of bacon or pork, whereby they make their postage fat, & therewith bybe out the rest with more content. And thus must you learn to do. And beside that, the spoylles of the Oren, and the chokes, the sheeps heads, and the gathes, which you geve away at your gate, might serbe them well enough, which would be great sparing to your other meat, and by this means you would save in the yere much money, whereby you might the better maintaine your hood and like gowen. Again, you serbe your folkes with such superfluities,

of Jacke of Newberie.

perkalties, that they spoile in a maner as much as they eat : beleeve me, were I their Daine, they should haue things moze sparingly, and then they would think it moze dainty. Trust me Gossip (quoth Mistris Winchcomb) I know your words in many things to be true : for my folkes are so cozne fed, that we haue much adoe to please them in their diet : one doth say this is too salt, and another this is too grosse ; this is too fresh, & that too fat ; and twentp faults they will find at their meales : I warrant you they make such parings of their chéese, and képe such chipping of their bread, that their very ozts would serue two or thre honest folkes to their dinner. And from whence I pray you procéeds that (quoth her Gossip) but of too much plentie : But ifaith were they my serbants, I would make them glad of the worst crumme they cast away, and thereupon I drinke to you, and I thanke you for my good chér with all my heart. Much good may it doe you good Gossip, said Mistris Winchcomb, and I pray you when you come this way, let us see you. That you shall verily, quoth she, and so away she went.

After this Mistris Winchcombe toke occasion to giue her folks shorter commons, and couer meate than they were wont to haue : which at length being come to the good mans eare, he was very much offended therewith, saying, I will not haue my people thus pincht for their viuals. Emptie platters make greedy stomackes, and where scarcity is kept, hunger is nourished, and therefore wise, as you lobe me, let me haue no more of this doings. Husband (quoth she) I would they should haue enough ; but it is sinne to suffer, and a shame to see the spoile they make : I could be very well content to giue them their bellies full, and that which is sufficient ; but it grieues me, to tell you true, to see how coy they are, and the small care they haue in waisting of things : and I assure you the whole towne cries shame of it, and it hath bzed me no small discredit for looking no better to it. Trust me no more if I was not checkt in my owne house about this matter, when my eares did burne to heare what was spoken, who was it that checkt thee : I pray thee tell

The pleasant Historie

me, was it not your old Gossip, dame daintie, mistress trip & goe: I beleue it was. Why man, if it were she, you know she hath been an old house keeper, and one that hath knowne the world, and that she told me was for good will. Wife (quoth he) I would not have thee to meddle with such light brain'd housewives, and so I have told thee a good many times, and yet I cannot get thee to leave her company. Leave her company: why has she so as she is an honest woman why should I leave her company: She never gave me hurtfull counsell in all her life, but alwaies hath bene ready to tell me things for my profit, though you take it not so. Leave her company: I am no gyle, I would you should well know, to be taught what company I should keep: I keepe none but honest company I warrant you. Leave her company ketha: Alas poore soule, this reward she hath for her good will. I wis, I wis, she is more your friend than you are your owne. Well, let her be what she will, said her husband, but if she come any more in my house she were as good no. And therefore take this for a warning I would advise you: and so away he went.

CHAP. IX.

How a Draper in *London*, who owed *Jacke of Newberie* much money, became bankrupt, whom *Jacke of Newberie* found carrying a porters basket on his necke, and how he set him up againe at his owne cost, which Draper afterward became an Alderman of *London*.

There was one Randall Pert a Draper dwelling in Watling-street, that owed *Jacke of Newberie* five hundred pounds at one time, who in the end fell greatly to decay, in so much that he was cast in prison, and his wife with her poore children turned out of doores. All his creditors except *Winchcomb* had a share of his goods, never releasing him out of prison so long as he had one penny to satisfy them. But when this tidings was brought to *Jacke of Newberies* eare, his friends counselled him to lay his action against him. Nay (quoth he) if he be not able to pay me when he is at liberty, he will never be able to pay me in prison: and therefore it were
as

as good for me to forbear my money without troubling him, as to add more sorrow to his grieved heart, and be neber the nêr: Misery is trodden down by many, and once brought low, they are seldome or neber relleved: therefoze he shall rest for me untoucht, and I would to God he were clere of all other mens debts, so that I gave him mine to begin the world againe. Thus lay the poore Whaper a long time in prison: in which space his wife, which before for daintinesse would not soile her fingers, nor turn her head aside, for feare of hurting the set of her neckenger, was glad to goe about and wash buckes at the Thames side, and to be a chare-woman in rich mens houses: her soft hand was now hardned with scouring, and in stead of gold rings upon her lilly fingers, they were now filled with chaps, provoked by the sharp lee and other brudgeries. At last, master Winchcomb, being (as you heard) chosen against the Parliament a Burgesse for the towne of Newberie, and coming up to London for the same purpose, when he was alighted at his Inne, he left one of his men there to get a Porter to bring his trunke up to the place of his lodging. Poore Randal Pert, which lately before was come out of prison, having no other meanes of maintenance, became a Porter to carry burthens from one place to another, having on an old ragged doublet, and a forne paire of breeches, with his hole out at the heeles, and a paire of old broken slipshoes on his feet, a rope about his middle in stead of a girdle, and on his head an old greasse cap, which had so many holes in it, that his haire started through it: who as soone as he heard one call for a Porter, made answer straight, here master, what is it that you would have carried: Partie (quoth he) I would have this Trunke bozne to the spread Eagle at Ibie bridge. You shall master, (quoth he) but what will you give me for my paines: I will give thee two pence. A penny more and I will carry it, said the Porter: and so being agreed, away he went with his burthen till he came to the spread Eagle doore, where on a sudden, clypping Master Winchcomb standing, he cast downe the Trunke, and raine away as hard as ever he could. Master Winchcombe wondering what he meant thereby, caused

The pleasant Ristone

his man to runne after him, and to fetch him againe: but when he saw one pursue him, he ran then the faster; and in running, here he lost one of his slip shoes, and there another, eber looking behind him, like a man pursued with a deadly weapon, fearing ebery twinkling of an eye to be thrust thorow. At last his breeches, being tyed but with one point, what with the haste he made, and the weaknesse of the thang, fell about his heeles: which so shackled him, that downe he fell in the street all along, sweating and blowing, being quite worne out of breath: and so by this meanes the Serbing man overtooke him, and taking him by the necke, being as windlesse as the other, stood blowing and puffing a great while ere they could speake one to another. Sirrah, quoth the Serbing man, you must come to my Master, you have broken his trunke all to pieces, by letting it fall. O so; Gods sake (quoth he) let me goe, for Christs sake let me goe, or else Master Winchcomb of Newberie will arrest me, and then I am undone for eber. Now by this time Jacke of Newberie had caused his Trunke to be carried into the house, and then hee walked along to know what the matter was: but when he heard the porter say that he would arrest him, he wondered greatly, and having quite forgot Perts labour, being so greatly changed by imprisonment and povertie, he said, Wherefore should I arrest thee? tell me good fellow: for my otone part I know no reason for it. O Sir (quoth he) I would to God I knew none neither. Then asking him what his name was, the poore man falling downe on his knees, said, Good Master Winchcombe heare with me, and cast me not into prison: my name is Pert, and I doe not deny but I owe you fife hundred pound: yet for the love of God take pittie upon mee. When Master Winchcomb heard this, he wondered greatly at the man, and did much pittie his miserie, though as yet he made it not knowne, saying, Passion of my heart man thou wilt never pay me thus: never thinke by being a Porter to pay fife hundred pound debt. But this hath your prodigallitie brought you to, your thriftlesse neglecting of your businesse, that set more by your pleasure than your profit. Then looking better

better upon him, he said, What, neuer a shoue to thy foot, hose to thy legges, band to thy necke, nor cap to thy head? Pert this is strange: but wilt thou be an honest man, and giue me a bill of thy hand for my money? Yes sir with all my heart, quoth Pert. Then come to the Scribblers (quoth he) and dispatch it, and I will not trouble thee. Now when they were come thither, with a great many following them at their heeles, master Winchcombe said, Hearest thou Scribbler? this fellow must giue me a bill of his hand for five hundred pounds, I pray you make it as it should be. The Scribbler looking upon the poore man, and seeing him in that case, said to Master Winchcombe, Sir, you were better to let it be a Bond, and have some sureties bound with him. Why Scribbler, quoth he, dost thou thinke this is not a sufficient man of himselfe for five hundred pound? Truly Sir (said the Scribbler) if you thinke him so, you and I are of two minds. He tell thee what (quoth Master Winchcombe) were it not that we are all mortall, I would take his word alone as his Bill or Bond; the honestie of a man is all. And we in London (quoth the Scribbler) doe trust Bonds farre better than honestie. But sir, when must this money be payed? Martie Scribbler, when this man is Sheriffe of London. At that word the Scribbler and the people standing by laughed heartily, saying, In truth Sir make no more ado, but forgive him, as good to doe the one as the other. Nay beléve mee (quoth hee) not so: therefore doe as I bid you. Whereupon the Scribbler made the Bill to be paid when Randall Pert was Sheriffe of London, and thereunto set his owne hand for a witnesse, and twenty persons more that stood by set to their hands likewise. Then hee asked Pert what he would haue for carrying his trunke. Sir (quoth hee) I should haue thre pence, but seeing I finde you so kind, I will take but two pence at this time. Thanks god Pert, quoth he, but for thy thre pence there is thre shillings, and loke thou come to mee to morrow morning betimes. The poore man did so, at what time Master Winchcombe had provided him out of Burchinlane a faire suit of apparell.

Merchant like, with a faire blacke cloake, and all other things fit to the same: then he took him a shop in Canweke street, and furnished the same shop with a thousand pounds worth of cloth: by which means, and other labours that master Winchcomb did him, he grew againe into great credit, and in the end became so wealthy, that while Master Winchcomb lived he was chosen Sheriffe, what time he payed five hundred pounds a very penny, and after dyed an Alderman of the Citty.

CHAP. X.

How *Jacke of Newberies* Servants were revenged of their Dames tattling Gossip.

UPon a time it came to passe, when Master Winchcomb was farre from home, and his wife gone abroad, that Mistress many-better, dame little tattle, gossip pint-pot, according to her old custome came to Mistris Winchcombs house, perfectly knowing of the goodmans absence, and little thinking the good wife was from home: where knocking at the gate, Tweedle slept out, and askt who was there: where hastily opening the wicket, he suddenly discovered the full proportion of this soule beast, who demanded if their Mistris were within. What Mistris Frank (quoth he) in saith welcome: how have you done a great while? I pray you come in. May I cannot stay, quoth she: notwithstanding, I did call to speake a word or two with your Mistris; I pray you tell her that I am here. So I will (quoth he) so sone as she comes in. Then said the woman, what is she abroad? Why then farewell good Tweedle. Why, what haste, what haste Mistris Frank (quoth he?) I pray you stay and drinke ere you goe. I hope a cup of new Sacke will doe your old belly no hurt. What (quoth she) have you new Sacke already? Now by my honesty I drinke none this yer, and therefore I doe not greatly care if I take a taste before I goe: and with that she went into the wine cellar with Tweedle, where first he set before her a piece of powdered beefe as greene as a leke: and then going into the kitchen; he brought her a piece of roasted beefe hot from the spit. Now cer-
taine

of Jacke of Newberie.

taine of the Maltens of the house, and some of the young men, who had long before determined to be revenged of this prattling housewife, came into the Cellar one after another, one of them bringing a great piece of a gammon of Bacon in his hand : and every one bad Mistress Frank welcome : and first one drank to her, and then another, and so the third, the fourth, and the fift : so that Mistress Franks business wart as mellow as a pippin at Michaelmas, and so light, that sitting in the cellar she thought the world ran round. They seeing her to fall into merry humours, whetted her on in merriment as much as they could, saying, Mistress Frank, spare not I pray you, but think your selfe as welcome as any woman in Newberie, for we have cause to love you, because you love our Mistress so well. Now I assure you, quoth she (lispig in her speech, her tongue waring somewhat too big for her mouth) I love your mistress well indeed, as if she were my owne daughter. Nay but heare you, quoth they, she begins not to deale well with us now. So my Lambs, quoth she, why so ? Because, quoth they, she seeks to bar us of our allowance, telling our Master that he spends too much in housekeeping. Nay then, quoth she, your Mistress is an Ass, and a foole : and though she goe in her hood, what care I : she is but a girl to me : twittle twattle, I know what I know : Goe too, drinke to me. Well Tweedle, I drinke to thee with all my heart ; why thou whoreson when wilt thou be married ? O that I were a young wench for thy sake : but tis no matter, though I be but a poore woman, I am a true woman. Hang dogs, I have dwelt in this town these thirtie winters. Why then, quoth they, you have dwelt here longer than our Master. Your Master, quoth she : I knew your Master a boy, when he was called Jacke of Newberie ; I Jacke, I knew him called plaine Jacke : and your Mistress, now she is rich, and I am poore, but tis no matter, I knew her a draggale taile girl, marke y^e : But now, quoth they, she takes upon her lustily, and hath forgot what she was. Tush, what wilt you have of a greene thing, quoth she : Here I drinke to you, so long as she goes where she list a gossiping : and tis no matter, little said is soon amended ; but heare you my masters, though Mi-
stris

The pleasant Historie

Mrs Winchcomb goe in her hood, I am as good as she, I care
 not who tell it her. I spend not my husbands money in cher-
 ries and coblings : goe to, goe to, I know what I say well e-
 nough : I am sure I am not drunk. *Sp* Mrs Winchcomb, m^r
 Mrs : *Jo* Nan Winchcomb, I will call her name plaine Nan.
What, I was a woman when she was (for reverence) a paltry
 girle, though she goes now in her hood and chain of gold: what
 care I for her, I am her elder, and I know more of her tricks :
 nay I warrant you I know what I say : tis no matter, laugh
 at me and spare not, I am not drunk I warrant. And with that
 being scant able to hold open her eyes, she began to nod, and to
 spill the wine out of her glasse : which they perceiving, let her
 alone, going out of the cellar till she was found asleep, and in
 the mean space they devised how to finish this piece of knave-
 ry. At last they consented to lay her forth at the backside of the
 house, halfe a mile off, even at the foot of a stile, that whoso-
 ever came next ober might find her: notwithstanding, Tweedle
 staied hard by to see the end of this action. At last comes a no-
 table clowne from Grenehame, taking his way to Newberie,
 who coming hastily ober the stile, stumbled at the woman,
 and fell downe cleane ober her : but in the starting up, seeing
 it was a woman, cried out, Alas, alas. How now ? what
 is the matter, quoth Tweedle ? *O*, quoth he, here lies a dead
 woman. A dead woman, quoth Tweedle ? thats not so I trow:
 and with that he tumbled her about. Bones of me, quoth Twee-
 dle, tis a drunken woman, and one of the Town undoubtedly:
 surely it is great pittie she should lie here. *Why*, doe you
 know her, quoth the clowne ? *No* not I, quoth Tweedle :
 neverthelesse, I will give thee halfe a groat, and take her in
 thy basket, and carry her throughout the Towne, and see
 if any body know her. Then said the other, let mee see the
 money, and I will : for by the Masse she earn'd not halfe a
 groat this great while. There it is, quoth Tweedle. Then the
 fellow put her in his basket, and solisted her upon his backe.
How by the Masse shee stinks vilely of drinke or wine,
 or some thing : but tell me, what shall I say when I come
 into the Towne, quoth he ? *First*, quoth Tweedle, I would
have

of Jacke of Newberie.

have the so some as ever thou canst goe to the towne end,
with a lustie boyce, to cry *O yes*: and then say, who knowes
this woman, who? And though possibly some will say, I
know her, and I know her, yet doe not thou let her downe till
thou comest to the market Crosse, and there use the like
wordes: and if any be so friendly, to tell thee where she dwels,
then just before her doore crye so againe: and if thou perform
this bravely, I will give thee halfe a groat more. *Passer
Tweedle* (quoth he) I know you well enough, you dwell
with *Passer* Winchcombe, doe you not? Well, if I doe it not
in the field, give me never a penne: And so away he went
till he came to the Townes end, and there he cryes out as
boldly as any *Bailiffs* man, *O yes*, who knowes this wo-
man, who? Then said the drunken woman in the Basket, her
head falling first on one side, and then on the other side, Who
callest thou? Then said he againe: Who knowes this wo-
man, who? Who come, who (quoth he?) and looke how
oft he spake the one, he spake the other: saying still Who
come, who come, who? Whereat all the people in the street
fell into such a laughing, that the teares ran downe againe.
At last one made answer, saying: Good fellow the dwels in
the North brooke street, a little beyond maner Winchcombs.
The fellow hearing that, goes downe thither in all haste,
and there in the hearing of a hundred people, cries: Who
knowes this woman, who? Whereat her husband comes
out, saying: *Parry* that thou dost well Good helpe mee.
Then said the *Country* if you know her, take her to: I know
her not but so: a drunken fellow: and as her husband tooke
her out of the Basket, he gave him a sound box on the eare,
saying: What you quarrel, doe you make me? and
so was carried in. But the next day, when her braines
were quiet, into her head steered of this foggis hapour,
she was so ashamed of her selfe, that she went not forth by her
doores a long time after: and if any body do say unto her,
Who come, who? She would be so wroth and frowne, that
she would be ready to smite her with a stick: and so it was,
and told us if she strowe so: the best game at the cutting table.

The pleasant Historie

December, her praicting to Mistress Winchcombs folks of their mistress, made her on the other side to fall out with her, in such sort that she troubled them no more, either with her companye or her counsell.

CHAP. XI.

How one of *Jack of Newberies* Maidens became a Ladie.

At the winning of Morlesse in France, the noble Earle of Surrey, being at that time Lord high Admirall of England, made many knights: among the rest was Sir George Rigley, brother to Sir Edward Rigley, and sundrie other, whose valours farre surpass their wealth: so that when peace was a scarcity in their purse, and that their credits grew weak in the Citie, they were enforced to ride into the country, where at their friends houses they might have favourable welcome, without coyns or grudging. Among the rest, Jack of Newberie, that kept a table for all comers, was never lightly without many such guests: where they were sure to have both welcome and good cheer, and their mirth no lesse pleasing than their meat was plentiful: Sir George having lien long at home in this brave Yeomans house, at length fell in liking of one of his maidens, who was as faire as she was fond.

This lustie wench he so allured with hope of marriage, that at length shee yielded him her love, and therewithall bent her whole studie to make his content: but in the end she so much contented him, that it brought altogether her owne discontent: to become high, she laid her selfe so low, that the knight suddenly fell over her, which fall became the rising of her belly: but when this wanton perceiveth her selfe to be with child, she made her moone unto the knight, saying:

Alas sir George, now is the time to performe your promise, or to make me a spectacle of infamy to the whole world for ever: in the one, you shall discharge the duty of a true knight; but in the other, you shall make your selfe a most perjured person: small honour

honour will it bee to boast in the spoyle of poore Spiders, whose innocencie all good Anights ought to defend. Why, thou teed pittifull thing, quoth hee, committest thou to father thy bastard upon mee? Away ye dung-hill carrion, away! heate you good his wife, get you among your companions, and lay your litter where you list, but if you trouble mee any more: trust me thou shalt dearely abide it: and so bending his shooes like the angry god of warre, he went his waies, leaving the child-bearing wench to the hazard of her fortune, either good or bad.

This poore Spider taking her selfe for her kindnesse thus cast off, shed many teares of sorrows for her shame, indyging with many bitter rebukes against the inconstancie of love alurking men. And in the end, when she saw no other remedie: shee made her case knowne unto her Spidresse: who after she had given her many checks and taunts, threatening to turne her out of doores, opened the matter to her husband.

So soone as he heard thereof, he made no more to doe, but presently posted to London after Sir George, and found him at my Lord Admirals. What spatter Winchcombe (quoth he!) you are heartily welcome to London, and I thanke you for my good cheere: I pray you how doth your good wife, and all our friends in Barkeshire? All well and merrie, I thank you good Sir George, quoth he: I left them in health, and hope they doe so continue. And trust me sir (quoth he) having earnest occasion to come up to talke with a bad debtor, in my journey it was my chance to light in company of a gallant widow: a Gentlewoman she is of wondrous good wealth, whom grisly death bereft of a kind husband, making her a widow ere shee had bene halfe a yeere a wife: her land Sir George, is as well worth a hundred pound a yeere as one penny, being as faire and comely a creature as any of her degree in our whole countrie. Now sir, this is the worst; by the reason that she doubts her selfe to be with child, shee hath vowed not to marry these twelbe months: but because I wish you well, and the Gentlewoman no hurt, I came

of purpose from my business to tell you thereof: Now sir George, if you thinke her a fit wife for you, ride to her, wooe her, win her, and wed her. I thanke you god Master Winchcombe, (quoth he) for your fauour euer towarde me, and gladly would I see this young Willoto, if I will toere. She diuels not halfe a mile from my house, quoth Master Winchcomb, and I can send for her at any time if you please.

Sir George hearing this, thought it was not best to come there, leauing Ione would rather a child upon him, and therefore said, hee had no leasure to come from my Lord: But, quoth he, would I might see her in London, on the condition it cost me twenty nobles. Last, sir George, (quoth Master Winchcombe) may faile to be dangerous, and he that will loose Willoto, must take time by the forelock, and hiesse none other to slee before him; lest he leape without the Willotues love. Notwithstanding, seeing now I haue told you of it, I will take my gelding and get me home, if I heare of her comming to London, I will send you word, or perhaps come my selfe: till when adieu good sir George. Thus parted Master Winchcomb from the knight: and being come home, in short time he got a faire Cassiee gowne, and a french hood for his maide, saying, Come ye drab, I must be saue to cober a soule fault with a faire garment, yet all will not hide your great belly: but if I find meanes to make you a Lady, what wilt thou say then: O Master (quoth he) I shall be bound while I liue to pray for you. Come then minion (quoth her Mistresse) and put you on this gown & french hood: for seeing you haue lien with a knight, you must needs bee a gentlewoman. The maide did so, and being thus attired, she was set on a faire gelding, and a couple of men sent with her up to London: and being well instructed by her master and dame what she should do, she tooke her journey to the Citty in the Terme time, and lodged at the Bell in the Strand: and Mistresse Lovelesse must be her name, for so her Master had warned her to call her selfe: neither did the men that waited on her, know the contrary, for Master Winchcomb had borrowed them

them of their Passer, to wait upon a friend of his to London, who could not spare any of his owne servants: at that time notwithstanding they were appointed, for the Gentlewoman's credit, to say they were her owne men. This being done, Passer Winchcombe sent Sir George a Letter, that the Gentlewoman which he told him of, was now in London, lying at the Bell in the Strand, having great businesse at the Terme.

With which newes Sir Georges heart took on fire till such time as he might speake with her: three or foure times went he thither, and still he would not be spoken withall: the which close keeping of her selfe, made him the more earnest in his suit.

At length her watcht her so narrowly, that finding her going forth in an evening, hee followed her, shee having one man before, and another behind: carrying a very stately gait in the street, it moued him into the greater liking of her, being the more urged to utter his mind. And suddenly stepping before her, he thus saluted her: Gentlewoman God save you, I haue often bene at your lodging, and could neuer find you at leisure. Why Sir, quoth shee (counterfeiting her naturall speech) haue you any businesse with me: yes faire Willow, quoth he; as you are a client to the law, so am I a suitor for your love: and may I find you so favourable to let me plead my owne case at the bar of your beauty, I doubt not but to unfold so true a tale, as I trust will cause you to giue sentence on my side. You are a merrie Gentleman, quoth shee: But for my owne part I know you not; nevertheless, in a case of love, I will be no let to your suite, though perhaps I helpe you little therein. And therefore Sir, if it please you to giue attendance at my lodging upon my returne from the Temple, you shall knowe more of my mind, and so they parted. Sir George receiuing hereby some hope of good hap, stayed for his beare at her lodging doore: whom at her comming shee friendly greeted, saying: Surely Sir, your diligence is more than the profit you shall get thereby: but I pray you

how shall I call your name? George Ringley (quoth he) I am called, and for some small deserts I was knighted in France. Why then Sir George (quoth he) I have done you too much wrong to make you thus dance attendance on my worthelesse person. But let me be so bold to request you to tel me, how you came to know me: for my own part I cannot remember that ever I saw you before. Mistresse Lovelesse (saide Sir George) I am well acquainted with a good neighbour of yours, called Master Winchcombe, who is my very good friend, and to say the truth, you were commended unto me by him. Truly Sir George, saide she, you are so much the better welcome: Nevertheless, I have made a vow not to love any man for this twelve months space. And therefore Sir; till then I would wish you to trouble your selfe no further in this matter till that time be expired: and then if I find you be not intangled to any other, and that by triall I find out the truth of your love, for Master Winchcombs sake your welcome shall bee as good as any other Gentlemans whatsoever.

Sir George having received this answer, was wonderous woe, cursing the day that ever he medled with Jone, whose time of deliberance would come long before a twelve Month were expired, to his utter shame and overthrow of his good fortune: for by that meanes should he have Master Winchcombe his enemy, & therewithall the losse of this faire Gentlewoman. Wherefore to prevent this mischiefe he sent a Letter in all haste to Master Winchcomb, requesting him most earnestly to come up to London, by whose perswasion he hoped straight to finish the marriage. Master Winchcombe fulfilled his request; and then presently was the marriage solemnized at the Tower of London, in presence of many Gentlemen of Sir Georges friends. But when he found it was Jone whom hee had gotten with child, hee fretted and fumed, stamp and stam'd like a divell. Why (quoth Master Winchcomb) what needs all this? Came you to my table to make my Waide your Stampet? had you no mans house to dishonor, but mine? Sir, I would you should well know, that I
account

The pleasant Historie

account the poorest wench in my house too good to be your
whoze, were you ten Knights : and seeing you tooke pleasure
in making her your wanton, take it no scozne to make her
your wife : and use her well too, or you shall heare of it. And
hold thee Jone (quoth he) there is a hundred pounds for
thee : and let him not say thou comest to him a begger. Sir
George seeing this, and withall casting in his mind what a
friend Master Winchcomb might bee to him, taking his
wife by the hand gave her a loving kisse, and Master
Winchcombe great thanks. Whereupon he willed him for
two yeeres space to take his diet and his Ladies at his
house : which the Knight accepting, rode straight with
his wife to Newberie. Then did the Mistresse make curtsie
to the Maid, saying : you are welcome Adam, giving her
the upper hand in all places. And thus they lived afterward
in great joy : and our King, hearing how Jack had
matcht Sir George, laughing heartily thereat,
gave him a living for ever, the better
to maintaine my Lady
his Wife.

FINIS.
